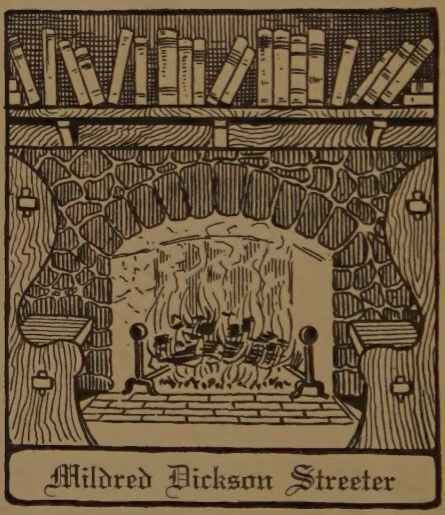
Mildred Dickson Streeter

2306 1

*Setting by Carolyn Hancock* *Photograph by Francis Bruguiere*

Scene from Act I of The Theatre Guild Production

# THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

*A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS*

By

SIDNEY HOWARD

*The Theatre Guild Version, with Two Illustrations from Photographs of The Theatre Guild Production*

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY SIDNEY HOWARD

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to a royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the author or his authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. The amateur acting rights are available only in limited territory. Do not make any arrangement for the presentation of this play without first securing permission and terms in writing from Samuel French, at 25 West 45th Street, New York City, or at 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAMUEL FRENCH, INC.
25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
811 WEST 7TH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.2, LONDON

TO
MY WIFE

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In view of the fact that the publication in book form of this play serves as a record of its long and most successful run on the stage, and in view of the fact that the author has presented a sincere study of the language of his characters, it seemed only fair to the public at large to print the play substantially as acted.

## THE PERSONAL PREFACE

I don't know what value a personal preface can have, in a book which has no didactic or otherwise serious purpose to fulfil, unless the author avails himself of the opportunity it offers him for the listing of his alibis. I have the usual author's alibis in the usual round numbers, of course, and I should like to list them all and to dwell fully upon every one. With heroic self-restraint, however, I am confining myself to a pair, only.

The first concerns the dialect which the characters of this play speak and of which I have to say that I have considerately elected to print it legibly rather than phonetically because I much prefer the reader's imaginative coöperation to any laboured and vision-destroying phonetics that I might have invented. I have tried (with as much consistency as seemed quite convenient, the reader's and my own sloth considered) to suggest inflection, intonation, and pronunciation through the minimum amount of misspelling.

The native American characters of the piece speak Californian, a language which may best be described as not very good American in which the "R" is less dynamic than in certain middle-western pronuncia-

tions. The Italian speaks English as well as he is able and without any conformity to rule or standard.

As Mr. Richard Bennett very cannily points out, there can be no regulation or tabulation of the foreigner's English. It depends upon too many personal factors in the life of the individual foreigner—his instinct for articulate expression; his residence among English-speaking folk; his actual experience with, and education in, the language; the proportion of his version of it which he has, so to speak, picked up bodily, and the proportion which he has literally translated from his native tongue. Furthermore, particularly in the matter of pronunciation, there can be little doubt that his English is decidedly affected by the specific locality of his birth and up-bringing in the "old country." I am citing Mr. Bennett (whose authority I am ready to uphold against any philologist whatsoever) because he is an actor of genius with an actor's genius for the hearing and mimicry of speech.

Of the story of this play, I have this to say. It has been generously related to the legend of Paolo and Francesca, to the dirtiest anecdotes of the Gallic pornographica, and to its superb contemporary of the New York theatre, Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." On that last score, Mr. O'Neill and I can readily, as they say, "get together" and agree that no two plays could possibly bear less resemblance to each other than this simple comedy of mine and his

glorious tragedy of New England farmers and their Puritan philosophy. Of the second alleged source and kinship I cannot speak with authority because I am not sure that I know all the dirtiest French anecdotes. The first relationship I hotly deny.

The story of this play, in its noblest form, served Richard Wagner as the libretto for the greatest of all romantic operas. It is shamelessly, consciously, and even proudly derived from the legend of Tristram and Yseult, and the difference between the legend of Tristram and Yseult and that of Paolo and Francesca is simply that the Italian wronged husband killed everybody in sight while his northern counterpart forgave everybody—which amounts to the monumental difference between a bad temper and tolerance.

I don't myself, I insist, think that the age and service stripes of a story have anything much to do with its eligibility for present purposes, and I advise all other young writers, who need plots and can't make up good ones of their own, to pick a good one out of the classics. No story is any older than its applicability to life. No story is any younger than the motives of its characters, and human motives have a singularly enduring and permanent quality. I don't at all intend to write a criticism or analysis of my play. I should not have said so much, except that I do so sympathize with it for being thrust, so, into print, without any of the tender and beautifully in-

terpretive life which the Theatre Guild has thrown about it in the Garrick Theatre.

Indeed, I cannot adequately express my gratitude to the Theatre Guild. I suppose that I must, however, do something toward acknowledging the debt which the text of the play owes to Miss Lord, to Mr. Bennett, and to Mr. Moeller for some of its most effective lines and episodes. In the old days of the Cohan revues, Mr. Richard Carle used to hold up his right hand when he spoke one of the author's jokes and his left hand when he spoke one of his own. In honesty, I should have marked the lines and episodes which this amiable trio contributed to my play and supplied each one of them with an accrediting footnote. My failure to do so can only be explained by a greed for more credit than I deserve.

S. Howard.

*New York, 1925*

## CHARACTERS

AMY

TONY

JOE

FATHER MCKEE

THE DOCTOR

THE R. F. D.

AH GEE

TWO ITALIAN FARMHANDS

ITALIAN WEDDING GUESTS, *including a tenor, a soloist on the accordion, a mandolin and a guitar player, men, women, and children*

The cast of the THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION as originally presented at the GARRICK THEATRE, November 24, 1924

# THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

A comedy in three acts

By SIDNEY HOWARD

The production directed by Philip Moeller
Setting and costumes by Carolyn Hancock

CHARACTERS (In order of appearance)

*Joe* ..... Glenn Anders
*Father McKee* ..... Charles Kennedy
*Ah Gee* ..... Allen Atwell
*Tony* ..... Richard Bennett
*The R. F. D.* ..... Robert Cook
*Amy* ..... Pauline Lord
*Angelo* ..... Hardwick Nevin
*Giorgio* ..... Jacob Zollinger
*The Doctor* ..... Charles Tazewell
*First Italian Mother* ..... Frances Hyde
*Her Daughter* ..... Antoinette Bizzoco
*Second Italian Mother* ..... Peggy Conway
*Her Son* ..... Anthony Colobro

*Farm Hands*:

The Misses Cosette Faustine, Helen Fowble, Dorothy Greene, Audrey Thal, Peter Marsters, Eleanor Mish.

The Messrs. Alvah Bessie, Edward Hogan, Sanford Meisner, Arthur Sircom, Ernest Thompson, Angelo de Palma, Michael Zito.

*SCENE*

*Tony's farmhouse in the Napa Valley, California*

*ACT I—Morning, in early summer*
*ACT II—Evening—Same day*
*ACT III—Three months later*

*Stage Manager*: Robert Lucius Cook
*Assistant Stage Manager*: Jacob Zollinger

Scenery constructed by Oscar Liebetrau
Painted by Robert Bergman
Costumes executed by Brooks

The THEATRE GUILD, Inc.

*Board of Managers*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Theresa Helburn | Philip Moeller | Maurice Wertheim |
| Lawrence Langner | Lee Simonson | Helen Westley |

*Executive Director*: Theresa Helburn

| *Scenic Director* | *Play Reading Dept.* | *Business Manager* |
|---|---|---|
| Lee Simonson | Courtenay Lemon | Warren P. Munsell |

| *Technical Director* | *Press Representative* | *Subscription Secretary* |
|---|---|---|
| Carolyn Hancock | Ruth Benedict | Addie Williams |

*Stage Managers.*
Philip Loeb and Robert L. Cook

*Address communications to the Theatre Guild, Inc.*
*65 West 35th Street, New York City*

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


SCENE FROM ACT I . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

RICHARD BENNETT, PAULINE LORD, AND GLENN ANDERS . . . . . 133

# THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

## SCENE

*The scene of the play is the home of an Italian wine-grower in the Napa Valley in California. All of the action takes place in the main downstairs room which serves as general living and dining room.*

*It is necessary to understand that the house is not in the least Spanish in its architecture. As a matter of fact, it would serve any respectable middle-western farmer as a fitting and inconspicuous residence. It was built in the 'nineties of wood, is painted white on its exterior, and has only one story.*

*A door at the back, the main one to the outer world, gives on the porch. Another door, to the right of the audience, gives on the kitchen. The kitchen is three steps above the level of the room and so placed that the audience can see into it. It is completely furnished. A third door, to the left of the audience, gives on a flight of steps which leads to the cellar of the house.*

*A fourth door, also on the left and farther down stage, gives on the bedroom.*

*The back wall should also be broken by windows; on the right of the central door, a bay window, on the left, a double flat window.*

*The view from the house is over a valley and toward brown Californian hills. The landscape is checkered with cultivation. Some of the checkers are orchards. Most of them are vineyards. The foreground is all vines. Vines twine about the pillars of the porch. In the beginning of the play—it begins in summer—the grapes on the porch vines are small and green. In the last act—three months having elapsed—they are large and purple.*

*The back stage must be so arranged that people who approach the house from the highroad appear to mount the porch steps from a much lower level. At other times, however, it is required that the characters be able to go and come on the level of the house itself where the farmyard is.*

*Inside the room the wall paper and the carpet are new and garish. The cheapest variety of lace curtains hangs in the windows. The furniture is new and includes a golden-oak dining table with chairs to match, a morris chair, another easy chair, a chest of drawers, a sideboard, a hat rack.*

*On one wall hangs a picture of Garibaldi. A picture of George Washington hangs over the central*

*door. Other mural decorations include a poster of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, a still-life chromo, a religious chromo, and a small mirror.*

*On the hat rack hangs a double-barrelled shotgun draped with a loaded cartridge belt.*

*The whole impression must be one of gaiety and simple good living.*

# THE FIRST ACT

## THE FIRST ACT

[*The red, white, and green of Italy combine with the red, white, and blue of these United States in bunting, garlands of fluted paper, pompons, and plumes of shredded tissue, to make up a scheme of decoration which is, to say the least, violent. The picture of Garibaldi is draped with an American flag. The picture of Washington with an Italian flag. The full glare of the early morning sun streams in through door and windows.*

*The room is fairly littered with boxes. Atop one of these, from which it has just been extracted, stands a handsome wedding cake, surmounted by statuary representing the ideal bride and groom in full regalia under a bell. The boxes are all addressed to*

Tony Patucci,
R. F. D., Napa, Calif.

Ah Gee *stands on a ladder on the porch outside the open entrance door, hanging Chinese lanterns. He is a silent, spare Chinaman, of age maturely indeterminate. He wears blue overalls and a black chambray shirt.*

*Joe—dark, sloppy, beautiful, and young—is busy opening a packing case in the centre of the stage. His back is turned upon the door.*]

Joe

[*As he works, he half sings, half mutters to himself the words of "Remember," an I. W. W. song, to the tune of "Hold the Fort."*]

"We speak to you from jail to-day,
Two hundred union men,
We're here because the bosses' laws
Bring slavery again."

[*Through this the curtain rises and* Father McKee *is seen climbing the porch steps. He wears the sober garb of a Catholic priest, not over clean, what with dust, spots, and all. He nods to* Ah Gee *and comes into the doorway. He stands a moment to mop his large, pale face with a red bandana. Then he lowers lugubrious disapproval upon everything in sight. Then he yawns.*

*He is one of those clerics who can never mention anything except to denounce it. And his technique of denunciation is quite special to himself. It consists in a long, throaty abstention from inflexion of any kind which culminates in a vocal explosion when he reaches the accented syllable of the word upon which*

*his emphasis depends. This word always seems to wake him up for an instant. Once it is spoken, however, he relapses into semi-somnolence for the remainder of his remarks. At heart, he is genial and kindly enough, quite the American counterpart of the French village curé.*]

FATHER MCKEE

Hello, Joe.

JOE

Hello there, Padre. What do you think?

FATHER MCKEE

Looks to me like a bawdy house.

JOE

It's goin' to be *some* festa. . . . Lily Cups! What do you know about that for style?

FATHER MCKEE

Where's Tony?

JOE

[*Nods toward the door of the bedroom*]: In there gettin' dolled up. . . . Hey, there, bridegroom! The Padre's out here.

FATHER MCKEE

I come up to have a serious talk with Tony.

JOE

Well, for God's sake, don't get him upset no more'n what he is already. He's been stallin' around all mornin', afraid to go down and meet the bride. You better leave him alone.

FATHER MCKEE

I'm always glad to have your advice, Joe. I didn't look to find you still hangin' 'round.

JOE

Oh, didn't you, Padre?

FATHER MCKEE

Tony told me you'd decided to go away.

JOE

Well, Padre, I'll tell you how it is. [*He grins impudently.*] I don't believe in stayin' any one place too long. 'Tain't fair for me not to give the rest of California a chance at my society. But I ain't goin' before I seen all the fun, got Tony safely married, an' kissed the bride. [*He turns to the door and* AH GEE.] That's fine, Ah Gee. Better take these here Lily Cups in the kitchen when you get through.

[*Magnificently* TONY *enters from the bedroom. He is stout, floridly bronzed, sixty years old, vigorous, jovial, simple, and excitable. His great gift is for gesture. To-day we meet him in his Sunday best, a very brilliant purple suit with a more than oriental waistcoat which serves to display a stupendous gold watch chain. He wears a boiled shirt, an emerald-green tie, and a derby hat. He carries his new patent-leather shoes in his hand. He seems to be perspiring rather freely.*]

TONY

Looka me! I'm da most stylish fella in da world.

FATHER MCKEE

I come up to talk to you, Tony.

TONY

I'm glad you come, Padre. How you like my clothes, eh? Costa playnta good money! [*Attention is called to the shoes.*] For da feet. . . .

JOE

[*A motion to the wedding cake*]: How's it strike you, Tony.

TONY

Madonna! [*He throws his shoes into the morris chair. His hat assumes a terrific angle. He cannot*

*keep his hands off that cake.*] Look, Padre! From Frisco! Special! Twelve dollar' an' two bits! Look! [*The miniature bride and groom particularly please him.*] Ees Tony an' his Amy!

JOE

Them lanterns is Ah Gee's personal donation.

TONY

Thank you, Ah Gee! Ees verra fine. Ah Gee, you go an' bring vino, now, for Padre, eh? [AH GEE *obeys the order, taking the Lily Cups with him into his kitchen.*]

JOE

Show some speed now, Tony. It's past nine. T'ain't hardly pretty to keep the bride waitin'.

TONY

[*As he sits down to the struggle with his shoes*]: I'm goin' verra quick.

FATHER MCKEE

I got to have a word with you, Tony, before you go to the station.

JOE

The Padre's been tryin' to tell me you're scared to have me around where I can kiss the bride.
[*He picks up a couple of flags and goes outside.*]

TONY

[*In undisguised terror*]: You ain' goin' be kissin' no bride, Joe. You hear dat?

JOE

[*Off stage he is heard singing*]:

"We laugh and sing, we have no fear
Our hearts are always light,
We know that every Wobbly true
Will carry on the fight."

TONY

He's too goddam fresh, dat fella, with kissin' my Amy an' all dose goddam Wobbly songs. Don' you think so, Padre?

FATHER MCKEE

I didn't come up here to talk about Joe, Tony. I come up to talk about this here weddin'.

TONY

I'm glad you come, Padre. I'm verra bad scare'.

FATHER MCKEE

You got good reason for bein' scared, if you want to know what *I* think.

TONY

I got verra special reason.

FATHER McKEE

What reason?

TONY

Don' you never mind! Da's my secret dat I don' tell nobody. You tell Joe he go away quick, Padre. Den, maybe, ees all right.

FATHER McKEE

So that's it! Well, I don't blame you for that.

TONY

[*Deeply indignant at the implication*]: Oh! . . . No, by God! . . . You don' ondrastan', Padre. Joe is like my own son to me! Ees som'thing verra different. Madonna mia! Ees som'thing I been doin' myself. Ees som'thing Tony's been doin' w'at's goin' mak' verra bad trouble for Tony.

FATHER McKEE

I'll tell Joe nothin'. You've made your own bed and if you won't get off it while there's time, you got to lie on it. But I want you to understand that I don't like nothin' 'bout this here weddin'. It ain't got my approval.

TONY

[*The first shoe slips on and he sits up in amazement.*] You don' like weddin', Padre?

FATHER McKEE

No, I don't. An' that's just what I come up here to tell you. I don't like nothin' about it, an' if you persist in goin' ahead in spite of my advice, I don't want you sayin' afterwards that you wasn't warned.

TONY

Dio mio! [*He amplifies this with the sign of the cross. Then his confidence rather returns to him.*] Aw . . . tak' a pinch-a snuff! You mak' me tire', Padre! You think festa is no good for people. You padre fellas don' know nothing. Work! Work! Work evra day! Den, by-an'-by, is comin' festa. After festa workin' is more easy. [*He resumes the shoe problem.*]

FATHER McKEE

Tony, you know perfectly well that I ain't got no more objection to no festa than I have to any other pomp of the flesh. But I'm your spirichool advisor an' I been mullin' this weddin' over in my mind an' I come to the conclusion that I'm agin it. I don't like it at all. I got my reasons for what I say.

TONY

[*Does the Padre guess his secret?*] W'at reason you got?

FATHER McKEE

In the first place, you ain't got no business marryin' no woman who ain't a good Cath'lic.

TONY

[*Immeasurable relief*]: Ees no matter.

FATHER McKEE

A mixed marriage ain't no better'n plain livin' in sin.

TONY

Ain' we got you for keep' sin away, Padre?

FATHER McKEE

Why ain't you marryin' a woman out of your own parish instead of trapesin' all the way to Frisco to pick out a heretic?

TONY

Is no good womans in dees parish.

FATHER McKEE

What's wrong with 'em?

TONY

Joe is sleepin' with evra one.

FATHER McKEE

That ain't the point.

TONY

[*Enlisting the shoe to help his gesticulation*]: Oh, ees point all right, Padre. Joe is told me 'bout evrathing. I been lookin' all 'round here at all da womans in dees parish. I been lookin' evra place for twent' mile. Ees no good womans for wife here. Joe is told me 'bout evra one. Den I'm gone to Napa for look all 'round dere an' in Napa ees no better . . . ees just da same like here. So den I go down all da way to Frisco for look after wife an' I find my Amy. She is like a rose, all wilt'. You puttin' water on her an' she come out most beautiful. I'm goin' marry with my Amy, Padre, an' I don' marry with nobody else. She's been tellin' me she is no Cath'lic. I say, w'at I care? By an' by, maybe, if we bein' patient, we bringin' her in da church, an' showin' her da candles and da Madonna, all fix up good with flowers and da big tin heart, an' evrathing smellin' so prett' an' you preachin' verra loud an' da music an' evrathing, maybe . . . by an' by. . . . [*He turns again to his shoe.*] But now ees no matter. W'at I care?

FATHER McKEE

It don't look good to me.

TONY

Ees all right. . . . If you don' want my Amy an' me gettin' married with good Cath'lic priest like you, den, by God——

FATHER McKEE

I ain't said I wouldn't marry you.

TONY

Eh bene!

FATHER McKEE

I'm only tryin' to tell you. . . .

TONY

Ahi! Dio mio. . . . [*The shoe goes on, producing intense pain.*] He look much better as he feel!

FATHER McKEE

There ain't no good in no old man marryin' with no young woman.

TONY

You think anybody marry with old woman? Tak' a pinch-a snuff!

FATHER McKEE

I know one old man who married a young woman an' she carried on with a stage driver!

TONY

Dio mio!

FATHER McKEE

He had knowed her all her life, too, an' you ain't knowed your Amy more'n 'bout five minutes.

TONY

Ees no matter.

FATHER McKEE

An' I know another fellow who married one of them city girls like your Amy without bein' properly acquainted an' she turned out to be a scarlet woman.

TONY

My Amy don' do dat.

[AH GEE *enters from kitchen with two glasses and a bottle of wine.*]

FATHER McKEE

Ain't you just now been tellin' me you're scared of her seein' Joe?

TONY

No, by God!

FATHER McKEE

Joe ain't the only young fellow around, either!

TONY

Young fellas is no matter. Only Joe. An' I ain' scare' over Joe excep' for special reason. You tell Joe, Padre . . . [*He is returning to his old subject, but the wine distracts him.*] Ah-h-h!

FATHER McKEE

Why didn't you get married forty years ago?

TONY

I think you know verra good w'y. Ees because I'm no dam' fool. . . . W'en I'm young, I got nothing. I'm broke all da time, you remember? I got no money for havin' wife. I don' want no wife for mak' her work all da time. Da's no good, dat. Da's mak' her no more young, no more prett'. Evrabody say Tony is crazy for no' havin' wife. I say Tony is no dam' fool. W'at is happen? Pro'ibish' is com'. Salute! [*A glass of wine.* AH GEE *has returned to his kitchen.*] An' w'at I say? I say, "Ees dam' fool law. Ees dam' fool fellas for bein' scare' an' pullin' up da grape' for tryin' growin' som'thing different." W'at I'm doin'? I'm keep the grape, eh? I say, "I

come in dees country for growin' da grape! God mak' dees country for growin' da grape! Ees not for pro-'ibish' God mak' dees country. Ees for growin' da grape! Ees true? Sure ees true! [*Another glass of wine.*] An' w'at happen? Before pro'ibish' I sell my grape' for ten, maybe twelve dollar' da ton. Now I sell my grape' some'time one hundra dollar' da ton. Pro'ibish' is mak' me verra rich. [*Another glass of wine.*] I got my fine house. I got Joe for bein' fore-man. I got two men for helpin' Joe. I got one Chink for cook. I got one Ford car. I got all I want, evra-thing, excep only wife. Now I'm goin' have wife. Verra nice an' young an' fat. Not for work. No! For sit an' holdin' da hands and havin' kids. Three kids. [*He demonstrates the altitude of each.*] An-tonio . . . Giuseppe . . . Anna. . . Da's like trees an' cows an' all good peoples. Da's fine for God an' evrabody! I tell you, Padre, Tony know w'at he want!

FATHER MCKEE

Whatever made you think a man of your age could have children? [*This staggers* TONY.] I tell you, Tony, it ain't possible.

TONY

Eh? Tony is too old for havin' kids? I tell you, Tony can have twent' kids if he want! I tell you

Tony can have kids w'en he is one hundra year' old. Dio mio! From da sole of his feet to da top of his hat, Tony is big, strong man! I think I ondrastan' you verra good, Padre. Tony is not too old for havin' kids. He's too rich, eh? [*This rather strikes home.*] Yah! Tony is rich an', if he don' have no kids, den da church is gettin' all Tony's money an' da Padre is gettin' Tony's fine house all fix' up good for livin' in, eh?

FATHER McKEE

[*A very severe shepherd*]: Tony!

TONY

[*The horns of the devil with his fingers*]: Don' you go for puttin' no evil eye on Tony an' his Amy!

FATHER McKEE

You're givin' way to ignorant superstition, which ain't right in no good Cath'lic.

TONY

[*On his feet in a panic*]: Dio mio! My Amy is comin' on dat train an' here you keep me, sittin', talkin'. . . .

FATHER McKEE

You irreverent old lunatic, you, if you're bent on marryin', I'll marry you. [JOE *reappears in the door-*

*way.*] But I don't want you comin' around afterwards squawkin' about it.

TONY

Eh, Joe! Da Padre don' want me gettin' marry with my Amy because he's scare' da church don' never get my money!

JOE

For cripe's sake, Tony, ain't you heard that whistle?

TONY

I go! I go!

JOE

Train's in now.

TONY

Porco Dio! Ah Gee!

JOE

Fix your tie.

TONY

I fix. . . .

[AH GEE *comes from the kitchen for his master's order.*]

Un altro fiasco.

[AH GEE *returns to the kitchen.*]

JOE

You won't make no hit if you're drunk, Tony.

TONY

Not drunk, Joe. Only scare'. Verra bad scare'.

JOE

Bridegrooms is always scared.

TONY

Jes' Chris', maybe I'm sick!

JOE

No!

TONY

Santa Maria, I *am* sick!

JOE

What's wrong with you?

TONY

I don' know! I'm sick! I'm sick! I'm sick!

[AH GEE *returns with the wine bottle refilled.* TONY *seeks prompt solace.* AH GEE *goes back to his kitchen.*]

JOE

You'll be a helluva sight sicker if you don't lay off that stuff.

TONY

I canno' go for get my Amy, Joe. I canno' go. . . .

JOE

All right. I'll go. . . .

TONY

Oh, by God! No! NO!

JOE

Tony, if you drive the Ford down the hill in this state of mind you'll break your dam' neck.

TONY

[*More solace*]: I feel good now. I drive fine. I don' want nobody for go for my Amy but only me. . . . [*Then he weakens again.*] Joe, I'm scare', I'm scare', I'm scare'!

JOE

What you scared of, Tony?

TONY

Maybe my Amy . . .

JOE

Come on, beat it!

TONY

I feel good now an' I don' want nobody for go for my Amy but only me. You bet! [*He starts.*]

JOE

That's the boy!

TONY

[*Another relapse*]: Joe, you don' get mad if I ask you som'thing? I got verra good reason, Joe . . . Joe . . . how soon you goin' away, Joe?

JOE

You don't *want* me to go, do you?

TONY

I think ees much better.

JOE

What's the idea, Tony?

TONY

Joe . . . som'thing is happen', da's all. . . . You go, Joe. I been tryin' for three days for ask you dees, Joe, an' I been scare' you get mad. I pay you double extra for goin' to-day, for goin' now, eh? Joe? Verra quick?

JOE

An' miss the festa? Like hell!

TONY

Joe, you don' ondrastan'. . . .

JOE

Forget it, Tony.

TONY

Joe. . . .

JOE

If you keep her waitin', she'll go back to Frisco.

TONY

Dio mio! [*He goes to the door and turns yet once again.*] Joe . . .? [*He catches* FATHER MCKEE'S *eye.*] Som'thing verra bad is goin' happen with Tony. . . . Clean evrathing clean before my Amy come.

[*He is really gone.* JOE *follows him out and stands on the porch looking after him. A Ford motor roars and dies away into high speed.*]

FATHER MCKEE

[*At the window*]: Look at him!

JOE

He could drive that Ford in his sleep.

FATHER McKEE

I don't hold with no old man gallivantin'.

JOE

Don't you fret, Padre. Didn't I tell you not to get him all worked up?

[*This ruffles the good priest who makes to follow* TONY. JOE *intercepts him and forces him back into the room.*]

FATHER McKEE

Well?

JOE

Sit down a minute. You been tellin' Tony what you think. Now I got some tellin' to do.

FATHER McKEE

Have you, indeed? Well, I don't see no good——

JOE

Maybe *I* don't see much good, but what the hell!

FATHER McKEE

Young man! That's the pernicious doctrine of Lacey Fairey.

JOE

What's that?

FATHER McKEE

A French expression meanin' "Sufficient unto the day."

JOE

What of it? If folks is bent on makin' mistakes, an' you can't stop 'em, let 'em go ahead, that's what I say. I don't want nobody hatin' my guts for bein' too dam' right all the time, see? Not bein' a priest, I aim to get along with folks. That way, when they're in wrong, I can be some use.

FATHER McKEE

That ain't in accord with the teachin's of Jesus.

JOE

A helluva lot you an' me know about the teachin's of Jesus!

FATHER McKEE

Joe, if you ain't goin' to be rev'rent . . .

JOE

I'm talkin' now.

FATHER MCKEE

Oh, are you?

JOE

Yeah. I wouldn't have no harm come to Tony, not for anything in the world, see? An' I been agitatin' against this weddin' a lot longer'n you have an' I know what it's all about, see? I'm here goin' on five months, now, an' that's longer'n I ever stayed any one place.

FATHER MCKEE

Is it?

JOE

Excep' once in jail, it is. An' I been lookin' after Tony all the time since I come here. I come in to bum a meal an' I stayed five months. Five months I been workin' for Tony an' lookin' after him and he's treated me dam' good an' that's God's truth. I wouldn't have worked that long for him if he hadn't treated me dam' good, either. I ain't none too strong for stayin' put, you know. I like to move an' now I'm goin' to move. I'm what the papers call a "unskilled migratory" an' I got to migrate, see? Tony wants me to go an' I want to go. But, what I want to know is: who's goin' to look after Tony when I'm gone?

FATHER MCKEE

Ain't that his wife's place?

JOE

Sure it's his wife's place. But suppose this weddin' don't turn out so good? Are you goin' to look out for him?

FATHER McKEE

Ain't Tony my spirachool charge an' responsibility?

JOE

All *right!* An' I ain't so sure you're goin' to have much trouble, either. Amy looks to me like a fair to middlin' smart kid an' she knows what she's in for, too.

FATHER McKEE

You seem to be well informed, Joe! Do you happen to know the lady?

JOE

I ain't never laid eyes on her. [*Then the implication percolates.*] Oh, I may go chasin' women plenty, but I don't chase Tony's wife, see? An' I ain't fixin' to, neither. Just get that straight.

FATHER McKEE

I'm glad to hear it, Joe.

JOE

But I happen to know about her. Didn't I have to write all Tony's letters for him? You wouldn't ex-

pect Tony to be writin' to no lady with *his* education, would you?

FATHER MCKEE

No, I can't say that I would.

JOE

Why, I even had to read him the letters she wrote back. That's how I got my dope. An' what I say is: she's got plenty of sense. Don't you fool yourself she hasn't. I'll show you. [*He goes to the chest of drawers for some letters and photographs. He brings them back to the* PADRE.] You can see for yourself. [*And he submits Exhibit A—a letter.*] Tony goes to Frisco lookin' for a wife, see? The nut! An' he finds Amy waitin' on table in a spaghetti joint. Joint's called "Il Trovatore." Can you beat it? He ain't even got the nerve to speak to her. He don't even go back to see her again. He just falls for her, gets her name from the boss an' comes home an' makes me write her a letter proposin' marriage. That's her answer.

FATHER MCKEE

It's good clear writin'. It's a good letter. It looks like she's got more character'n what I thought. But, just the same, it ain't no way to conduct a courtship.

JOE

There's worse ways.

FATHER McKEE

She says she likes the letter you wrote.

JOE

The second time I wrote, I told her all about the farm an' just how she was goin' to be fixed. Oh, I was careful not to say nothin' about Tony's money. Only the Ford. I thought she ought to know about the Ford. [*He hands the second letter over.*] An' she wrote this one back.

FATHER McKEE

She likes the country, does she? She wants Tony's photo.

JOE

Say, you ought to have seen Tony gettin' his face shot! By God! It took me a whole week to talk him into it. An' when I did get him down there—you know that place across from the depot?—dam' if he wasn't scared right out of his pants!

FATHER McKEE

By what?

JOE

By the camera! Would you believe it? We had to clamp him into the chair, both of us, the photogra-

pher an' me! You ought to have seen that wop sweat! And when we try to point the machine at him, he gives a yell you could hear a block an' runs right out in the street!

FATHER MCKEE

No!

JOE

I couldn't get him back, only I promised to let the guy shoot me first. They was some pictures! Tony's [*He hands a specimen to the* PADRE.] sure looks like him, but she must have seen somethin' in it, because she sent hers right back. [*He studies* AMY'S *photograph for a moment before submitting it.*] Here. Not bad, huh?

FATHER MCKEE

[*A long and very pleased contemplation*]: There ain't no explainin' women! [*He returns the photograph.*] Do you think she's straight, Joe?

JOE

What the hell! If she ain't, she wants to be. That's the main thing.

FATHER MCKEE

Maybe it won't turn out so bad, after all. There's always this about life: no man don't never get every-

thing he sets out to get, but half the time he don't never find out he ain't got it.

JOE

Oh, if you're goin' off on that tack!

FATHER McKEE

It's the tack life travels on, with the help of Almighty God.

JOE

What the hell! Life ain't so bad.

FATHER McKEE

I'm delighted to hear you say so!

JOE

[*He has returned the exhibits to the drawer.*] I never put over anything half so good myself!

FATHER McKEE

Do you think Tony's goin' to put it over?

JOE

Wait and see.

FATHER McKEE

Well, I don't know how I can approve of this weddin', but I'm willin' to give it the benefit of my sanc-

tion an' to do all I can to help it along an' look out for Tony. Does that satisfy you? . . . Just the same, I don't believe in unnecessary chances, Joe. Pull along out of here like Tony asked you to.

JOE

Say, you make me sore! Why, anybody 'ud think, to hear you talk, that I'm all set to . . .

[*The* R. F. D. *has appeared on the porch. He carries a dusty coat on his arm, and wipes the sweat from his brow with his blue handkerchief. He wears a gray flannel shirt, old trousers hitched to suspenders that are none too secure. His badge is his only sign of office. He is an eager, tobacco-chewing old countryman.*]

THE R. F. D.

Hey, Tony! Tony! [*As he reaches the door*] Where's Tony? 'Mornin', Padre.

JOE

Tony's gone to town. You're early.

THE R. F. D.

That's more'n Tony is. I got to get his signature on a piece of registered mail.

JOE

What is it?

THE R. F. D.

It's his wife. [JOE *and the* PRIEST *rise astonished.*] Sure! I got her outside in the buckboard an' she's madder'n hell because Tony didn't meet her. She's some girl, too. I never heard the beat! Lands a girl like that an' don't even take the trouble to—— [*The other two are already at the windows.*]

JOE

Where'd *you* find her?

THE R. F. D.

I finds her pacin' up and down the platform an' I gives her a lift. I sure do hate to see a good-lookin' girl cry—an' she sure was cryin'. I reckoned Tony couldn't get the Ford started so——

FATHER MCKEE

He went down all right. I wonder what happened to him?

JOE

He must have took the short cut.

FATHER MCKEE

Didn't you pass him?

JOE

I knew I ought to have went instead.

FATHER MCKEE

He wasn't in no condition.

THE R. F. D.

I'll have a look on my way back.

JOE

What are *we* goin' to do with her?

THE R. F. D.

Ask her in.

JOE

Ah Gee! [*He goes out, calling*:] Giorgio! Angelo!

[THE R. F. D. *follows him.* AH GEE *comes from his kitchen and evinces some confusion, but does not hold back from the summons.* FATHER MCKEE *arranges his costume and goes out last. The stage remains empty for a moment. A babble of voices is heard, voices that speak both English and Italian.* JOE *is heard shouting*:]

Lend a hand with that trunk!

AMY'S VOICE

How do you do? I'm pleased to meet you. I certainly had some time getting here. I certainly expected somebody would meet me at the station.

FATHER MCKEE'S VOICE

The old man left all right.

JOE'S VOICE

He started a little too late.

THE R. F. D.'S VOICE

I'll have a look for him.

[*The rest is lost in a babble of Italian as* AMY *comes on to the porch and the others follow her, not the least among them being the two Italian hands,* GIORGIO *and* ANGELO *whose volubility subsides only as* AMY *enters the room.*

*As for* AMY, *she is all that* TONY *said of her and much more. She wears a pretty dress, new, ready-made, and inexpensive, and a charming and equally cheap hat. Her shoes are bright coloured and her handbag matches them. But her own loveliness is quite beyond belief. She is small and plump and vivid and her golden hair shimmers about her face like morning sunshine. She herself shines with an inner, constitutional energy. Her look is, to be sure, just a little tired. She probably is not more than twenty-two or -three, but she seems older. Her great quality is definiteness. It lends pathos to her whole personality. At the moment, her vanity is piqued by* TONY'S *remissness and she carries matters with a hand a little too high to be*

*entirely convincing. She is embarrassed, of course, but she won't admit it.*]

AMY

[*As she enters*]: I must say it ain't my idea of the way a gentleman ought to welcome his blooming bride. I don't get it. I don't get it at all. What was the matter?

JOE

Why, nothin'.

FATHER MCKEE

He was scared.

AMY

Scared of me? Why didn't you come yourself?

JOE

I wanted to, but . . .

AMY

[*The decorations have caught her eye.*] Say, did you folks go and do all this for the wedding?

JOE

Sure we did.

AMY

Well, if that ain't the cutest ever! A regular wop wedding! Excuse me. I meant Italian. [*The "I" is long.*]

JOE

That's all right.

AMY

And here's the priest, too, all set and ready. Say! I can see right now I'm going to like it here.

JOE

I don't guess nobody's goin' to kick at that.

AMY

All right, then, I'll forgive you. That's the way I am. Forgive and forget! I always believe in letting bygones be bygones. And down at the station I was thinking: Well, if they ain't got enough sense of politeness to come after the bride, I'm going to hop the very next train back to Frisco. I'd have done it, too, only—would you believe it?—I didn't have the price of a ticket! I spent the last cent I had on this hat. Say, when I remembered that, maybe I didn't cry! That's what I was crying over when you come up. [*This last to the* R. F. D.; *otherwise her eyes have scarcely left* JOE'S *face.*]

THE R. F. D.

Pleased to have been of service, ma'am.

AMY

Well, you certainly was of service. But here I am alive and well, as they say, so I guess we don't need to fuss about that any more. I guess I'll sit down. [*She does so.*]

JOE

Here's the cook an' the hands to pay their respects.

ANGELO

[*A deep obeisance to* AMY.] Eh, la nostra padrona! Tanti auguri, cara Signora, e buona festa! Come sta? Ha fatto buon viaggio? [*Here* GIORGIO *adds his voice.*]

ANGELO [*together*] GIORGIO

Siamo tanto contenti di vedevla. Speriamo che si troverà sempre bene e felice nella casa ospitale del nostro generoso padrone.

Sia la benvenuta, egregia Signora, Auguriamo la buona fortuna a lei, e al suo stimatissimo sposo. Che la Santa Madonna le dia la sua benedizione e che tutti i santi l'accompagnino nel matrimonio!

JOE

Hey, that's enough!

AMY

Now, that was very nice of them. I liked every word they said. I guess I better study up on the lingo. All I know is words like spaghetti and raviole. . . .

ANGELO *and* GIORGIO

[*Sotto voce*]: Ah! La Signora parla Italiano!

AMY

. . . I guess you got plenty of that around. Well, you can't make me mad. I just love it. [*Then she sees* AH GEE's *ceremonious obeisance.*] How do you do? Are you the cook?

AH GEE

Yes, missy. Velly good cook!

AMY

Say! I didn't know I drew a chef. You didn't tell me. [AH GEE *takes himself off.*] Say, my baggage is out there.

JOE

All right boys, lend a hand.

[ANGELO *and* GIORGIO *go down the steps.*]

AMY

If you don't mind I'll just keep an eye on them. My wedding dress is in that trunk. I bet you didn't expect me to bring a wedding dress. Well, I didn't expect to, myself. And I don't know why I did. But I did! I just blew myself. I said: "You only get married once" and—I got a veil, too. I got the whole works. [*She hears her trunk en route.*] Go easy there! [*She is out on the porch.*]

THE R. F. D.

Well, that's her.

JOE

[*As he goes to help*]: She ain't bad.

FATHER MCKEE

No, she ain't half bad.

AMY

[*Calling down*]: Not upside down! Be careful, can't you?

THE R. F. D.

I don't hold much with city girls myself, but——

JOE

[*Calling down*]: Careful boys! Look out for that vine! Gimme the grip.

FATHER McKEE

Oh, she's above the average.

THE R. F. D.

[*Nudging him*]: Do you think she . . . ?

FATHER McKEE

I wouldn't hardly like to say off-hand, but . . .

THE R. F. D.

I wouldn't think so.

FATHER McKEE

Joe, do you think she . . . ?

JOE

No. Not her. Not on your life.

[*He puts grip down inside the bedroom door. At the same time* ANGELO *and* GIORGIO *carry in* AMY'S *pathetic little trunk, which they take into the bedroom.*]

THE R. F. D.

Well, I got my deliveries.

FATHER McKEE

I'll come along with you. You stay here an' keep things conversational, Joe.

JOE

No! I'll come, too.

THE R. F. D.

Till the groom turns up, Joe. You don't want her to get all upset again, do you?

FATHER McKEE

[*As* AMY *comes along the porch to the door*]: Shh! Don't get her worryin'.

AMY

[*In the doorway, finishing the feminine touch of powder to the nose*]: I thought a little of this wouldn't make me any harder to look at.

THE R. F. D.

We'll have to be movin' on, ma'am.

FATHER McKEE

Yes.

AMY

[*Shaking hands with him*]: I'm pleased to have made your acquaintance.

THE R. F. D.

I hope to have the pleasure soon again.

AMY

Why, ain't you coming to the wedding?

THE R. F. D.

Sure I am, if I'm invited.

AMY

I'll never forgive you, if you don't. And I certainly want to thank you for the lift. [*A handshake to him.*] Thank you. . . . Good-bye. . . . Good-bye. . . .

THE R. F. D.

Good-bye, ma'am.

[*He shuffles out.* JOE *starts to follow.*]

AMY

You ain't going, too?

JOE

Well, I——

THE R. F. D.

[*Through the window*]: Just the Padre an' me.

FATHER MCKEE

[*As he goes, to* JOE]: We'll send him right up.

THE R. F. D.

[*As they disappear*]: Good-bye, ma'am.

AMY

Good-bye. See you later. [*Awkward silence.*] I ain't sorry they went. I think they ought to have done it sooner and left us to get acquainted. They got me all fussed up staring that way. I just couldn't think of what to say next. A girl gets kind of fussed, coming off like this to marry a man she ain't never seen. I was a mile up in the air. I—I guess I must have sounded kind of fresh. I wouldn't want you to think I was fresh.

JOE

I didn't.

AMY

I'm glad you didn't. You know, I like it up here already. You got it fixed up so cute and—[*She discovers the cake.*] *and that.* . . . It was awful nice of you to think of that. And the view! Is them all vines?

JOE

Yeah. . . .

[*An awkward pause.*]

AMY

It certainly is a pretty sight. Coming up I could taste the wind way down inside me. It made me think of where I used to live.

JOE

Where was that?

AMY

In the Santa Clara. You know, I wrote you.

JOE

Oh, yeah. In the Santa Clara. I forgot.

AMY

We had a big place in the Santa Clara. Prunes and apricots. Ninety acres in prunes and fifty in apricots. . . . [*Again an awkward silence.*] I guess I'll sit down. [*She does so.*] There ought to have been good money in prunes and apricots. But the prunes didn't do so good and the apricots got the leaf curl.

JOE

You're quite a farmer.

AMY

My old man was, but he got to drinking.

JOE

That's bad.

AMY

So we lost it after my mother died. But I used to love it there. In the spring, when the blossoms was out, I used to climb up on the windmill at night, when there was a moon. You never saw such a pretty sight as them blossoms in the moonlight. You could see for miles and miles all round—for miles and miles.

JOE

It must have been pretty.
[*Awkward pause.*]

AMY

Ever been in the Santa Clara?

JOE

Sure. I worked there before I come here.

AMY

Where did you work?

JOE

Near Mountain View. I forget the guy's name.

AMY

I went to school in Mountain View. Our place was near there. Ever know Father O'Donnell?

JOE

No.

AMY

Thought you might have, being a Catholic and all.

JOE

I was organizer there for the Wobblies.

AMY

The Wobblies?

JOE

I. W. W.

AMY

Say! You ain't one of them?

JOE

I used to be.

AMY

I sure am glad you gave that up. You don't talk one bit like an Italian.

JOE

I ain't. Only by descent. I was born in Frisco.

AMY

Oh, in Frisco? I see. . . . I'm Swiss by descent myself. My father was born in Switzerland and my grandfather, on my mother's side, he was born there, too. I don't know what that makes me—Swiss cheese, I guess. . . . [*She laughs.* JOE *does not. This crushes her and there is another awkward gap.*] Our old house in the Santa Clara was bigger than this one, but it wasn't near so pretty. I must say you keep this house nice and clean for having no woman around. Our house got awful dirty toward the end. You see, my mother got to drinking, too. Hard stuff, you know. I got nothing against beer or vino, but the hard stuff don't do nobody any good. . . . That how you stand on prohibition?

JOE

Sure, I guess so.

AMY

I'm glad to hear that. I sure am. I don't want no more experience with the hard stuff. . . . That certainly is some view. Got the Santa Clara beat a mile. The Santa Clara's so flat. You couldn't get no view at all unless you climbed up on that windmill

like I told you about. . . . Our old house had a cellar. Has this house got a cellar?

JOE

Sure, it has. Underneath the whole house.
[*She goes to the cellar door to see.*]

AMY

I used to hide in our cellar when things got too rough upstairs. You could hear the feet running around over your head, but they never come down in the cellar after me because there was a ladder, and when you're that way you don't care much for ladders. . . . They always took it out on me.

JOE

Did they?

AMY

Yeah. I always had the cellar though. I used to play down there hot days. It smelt like apricots.

JOE

Our cellar smells like hell. It's full of vino.

AMY

That's a nice clean smell. It's sour, but it's healthy.

JOE

You're a regular wop, ain't you?

AMY

Well, after two years in a spaghetti joint! I like Italians. They always left me alone. I guess it wouldn't have done 'em much good getting fresh with me, at that. . . . Say, I'm getting pretty confidential.

JOE

Go right ahead.

AMY

All right. . . . I guess I ain't got much reason for being shy with you, at that. I wouldn't never have said I was going to marry an Italian, though. But I guess I just jumped at the chance. I got so tired of things. Oh, everything! I used to think I just couldn't keep on any longer.

JOE

Poor kid!

AMY

Oh, I usually know which side my bread's buttered on. I just said to myself: "He looks all right and I like the country and anyway it can't be no worse than this." And I said: "Why shouldn't I take a chance

He's taking just as much of a chance on me as I am on him."

JOE

That's fair enough.

AMY

Sure it is. And—maybe I hadn't ought to say it—but when I come in here and seen all you done, fixing things up for the wedding and all, and looked out the window, and smelt that wind, I said to myself, I said: "Amy, old kid, you're in gravy." Now, what do you think of that for an admission?

JOE

You're dead right. That's just what I said when I come here. I only intended to stay a few days. I'm that way, see? I been here goin' on five months now.

AMY

Is *that* all?

JOE

That's the longest I ever stayed any one place since I was old enough to dress myself.

AMY

You *have* been a rover!

JOE

I been all over—with the Wobblies, you see. Before I come here, that is.

AMY

What did you used to do?

JOE

Cherries an' hops—melons down in the Imperial an' oranges down South an' the railroad an' the oilfields. . . . Before I come here. When I come here I just stayed. Maybe I was gettin' tired of bummin'. Now I'm tired of this. But I don't mind.

AMY

Well, don't get too tired of it. I'm not a bit strong for moving myself. I had all I want of that in my time.

JOE

I guess you have.

AMY

I wonder what you think of me coming all the way up here like I did, all by myself, to marry a man I ain't never seen, only his photograph.

JOE

You couldn't have picked a better man.

AMY

Say! Don't get a swelled head, will you?

JOE

Who, me?

AMY

Oh, no, nobody! [AH GEE *passes along the porch.*] I hope you're right that's all. And I guess you are, at that. And believe me, if I thought this wasn't a permanent offer, I wouldn't be here. I mean business. I hope you do.

JOE

Me?

AMY

Well, I certainly ain't referring to the Chink.

JOE

Say, who do you think . . . ?

AMY

[*Touching his sleeve with a kind of gentle diffidence which is her first attempt at intimacy*]: Don't get sore. The minute I came in I knew I was all right. I am. Why, I feel just as comfortable as if we was old friends. There don't seem to be anything strange in me being here like I am. Not now, anyhow. It just

goes to show you: you never can tell how things is going to turn out. Why, if a fortune-teller had told me that I would come up here like I did, do you know what I would have said to her? I'd have said, "You're no fortune-teller." Life sure is funny, though. It's lucky for me I can say that now and laugh when I say it. I ain't always been so good at laughing. I guess we'll get used to each other in time. Don't you think we will, Tony?

JOE

Tony? Say, I ain't . . ! Oh, Jesus!

[*His words are lost in the roar of a Ford motor as it approaches, and the motor, in turn, is drowned in wild cries of dismay from* GIORGIO *and* ANGELO. *The tension between the two in the room is broken by the excited entrance of* AH GEE, *who has evidently seen, from his kitchen window, the cause of disturbance.*]

FATHER MCKEE

[*Calling from off stage*]: Joe! Joe!

JOE

[*Following* AH GEE *toward the door*]: What is it? [*From the porch he see what it is.*] What—— Is he dead? . . . Take that bench!

[*He disappears in the direction of the disturbance which continues in both English and Italian.*]

AMY

What's the matter? Is somebody hurt?

[*The* DOCTOR, *with his fedora hat and his little black satchel, appears. He is the perfect young rural medico, just out of medical school and full of learned importance.*]

THE DOCTOR

I'll get the ambulance.

JOE

[*Following him in*]: Is he bad, Doc?

THE DOCTOR

[*As he goes into the bedroom*]: Both legs above the knee—compound fractures.

JOE

Why didn't you take him to the hospital?

THE R. F. D.

[*As he enters*]: The Ford went right off the bridge.

FATHER MCKEE

[*As he enters*]: Not two hundred yards from here, Joe.

THE R. F. D.

Must have fell twenty feet!

FATHER MCKEE

Never seen such a wreck! [*To* AMY]: We found him lyin' in two feet of water. The car was turned right upside down.

AMY

But who is it? I don't get it. I don't know what's happened.

FATHER MCKEE

Two broken legs, that's what's happened.

THE DOCTOR

[*He reappears in his shirt sleeves.*] Better lend a hand, Joe!

[*He vanishes again.* GIORGIO *and* ANGELO *appear, carrying the bench and apostrophizing the deity in Italian.* TONY *is recumbent and unconscious on this improvised stretcher. Much "steady" from* JOE. *Much "There now, Tony" from the* R. F. D. *Much and prolonged groaning from* TONY.]

JOE

[*As the bench is set down*]: All right now, Tony.

TONY

[*Reviving*]: AH-h-h! . . . Ees you, Joe?

JOE

Yeah. It's me. Amy's here.

TONY

Amy? Ees all right, Joe? You been makin' evrathing all right?

JOE

Sure. Everything's fine.

TONY

W'ere is my Amy? [*He sees her where she stands dumbfounded against the wall.*] Ah-h-h, Amy! . . . Amy, don' be standin' way off dere! Come over here for shake hands. [AMY *shakes her head.*] You ain' mad with me, Amy? . . . [AMY *shakes her head again.*] Amy ain' mad with me, Joe?

JOE

Nobody's mad. . . . Don't you worry. . . .

TONY

Den we have da weddin' just da same? We have da weddin' just da same?

[*The* DOCTOR *appears in the bedroom doorway, holding a hypodermic.*]

JOE

Sure, we will.

THE DOCTOR

All right, boys, bring him in. I want to give him another one of these and clean up his cuts.

JOE

Come on now, boys! Avanti! Careful there!

TONY

Amy! . . . Amy! . . .

[*The jar of movement hurts him. He breaks down into groans and is carried into the bedroom. All others go with him except* JOE *and* AMY.]

JOE

[*As he starts to go, a strangled sound from* AMY *arrests him. He turns and meets her gaze. He closes the door.*] This is tough on you.

AMY

[*Almost voiceless with her terrible surmise*]: Who —who is that old guy?

JOE

That? That's Tony. . . .

AMY

Tony?

JOE

It's too bad he never got to meet you. It's too bad he wasn't here when you come. [AMY *sways desperately a moment, then, with a choked cry, makes for the bedroom.*] You can't go in there.

AMY

I want my trunk.

JOE

Now, listen! It ain't Tony's fault he's had an accident. . . .

AMY

Of all the dirty, low-down tricks that was ever played on a girl!

JOE

An' it ain't his fault you made a little mistake.

AMY

What do you think you are—a bunch of Houdinis? [*She tears open her handbag which she put down on the table at her first entrance and produces a photograph.*] Is this your photo or isn't it?

JOE

[*In amazement*]: Where did you get it?

AMY

Where do you think I got it?

JOE

Good God, Tony didn't send you this, did he? For God's sake, tell me! Did Tony send you this?

AMY

Ain't I just told you?

JOE

By God, he must have been plumb crazy! By God, he was so dead gone on you he was afraid you wouldn't have nothin' to do with an old man like him. . . . He didn't have the nerve. . . . An' he just went an' sent you my photo instead of his. . . . Tony's like that, Amy. He ain't nothing but a kid. He's like a puppy, Tony is. Honest, Amy, it's God's truth I'm telling you. . . . I wouldn't have had nothin' to do with no such thing. Honest I wouldn't. I did write the letters for him, but that was only because he don't write good English like I do.

AMY

That ain't no excuse.

JOE

But there wasn't one word in them letters that wasn't God's own truth. I never knew nothin' about this photo, though. Honest to God, I never! An' Tony never meant no harm neither, Amy. Honest he never. An' he's been after me to beat it, too. Every day he has. . . . Sure it was a dirty trick an' he was crazy to think he could get away with it. I ain't denyin' it's the dirtiest trick I ever heard of. . . . Only he didn't mean no harm.

AMY

Oh, didn't he? Well, how about *my* feelings? How about *me?*

JOE

I'll do everything I can to square it. I'll drive you right down to the station now, and you can hop the first train back.

AMY

Oh, *can* I? And what do you expect me to do when I get there? Ain't I thrown up my job there? Do you think jobs is easy for a girl to get? And ain't I spent every cent I had on my trousseau?

JOE

I'll make Tony square it.

AMY

Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I got to go back and wait on table! What'll all those girls say when they see me? And I ain't even got the price of my ticket!

JOE

We can fix that.

AMY

I'll get a lawyer, I will! I wish to God I hadn't never heard of no wops!

JOE

Don't start cryin'. [*He tries to comfort her.*]

AMY

You take your hands off me and get my things.

JOE

All right. . . .

[*He looks at her a moment, his distress quite evident. Then he gives it up and goes into the bedroom. As he opens the door, the* DOCTOR *and* TONY *are audible. He closes the door after him.*

*Amy picks up the few belongings she has left about the room. She stands a moment holding them, looking about her, at the four walls, at the country outside.*

*Then her eye falls upon* JOE'S *photograph which still lies, face-up, on the table. She takes it in her hand and looks at it. Mechanically she makes as though to put it into the bosom of her dress. She changes her mind, drops it on the table and looks around her again.*

*She seems to reach a decision. Her face sets and she pushes the photograph vigorously away from her.* JOE *returns with her satchel.*]

JOE

The doc's give him something to make him sleep. They're goin' to get an ambulance an' take him to the hospital. We can take the doc's Ford an' . . . It's a shame, but . . .

AMY

I ain't going.

JOE

What?

AMY

No. I ain't going. Why should I go? I like the country. This place suits me all right. It's just what I was looking for. I'm here and I might as well stick. I guess he ain't so bad, at that. I guess I

could have done a lot worse. If he wants to marry me, I'm game. I'm game to see it through. It's nice up here.

[*She pulls off her hat and sits, exhausted.* JOE *stares in mute admiration as the curtain falls.*]

# THE SECOND ACT

## THE SECOND ACT

[*The scene remains unchanged. It is late evening of the same day. The lanterns out-of-doors have been burning so long that some of them have already guttered out. The room is lighted by two oil lamps.*

TONY *lies groaning faintly on a cot, his legs encased in a plaster cast, his eternal wine bottle by his side. The* DOCTOR *sits beside him.*

*Outside, the festa is in full swing. A desperate Italian tenor is singing "La Donna è Mobile" from "Rigoletto" as the curtain rises. His tones ring frantically out.*

*A short pause follows the song. The hiss of a sky rocket is audible. The light from the rocket flares through the windows and a long "Ah" rises from the crowd out-of-doors.*]

TONY

Fireworks!

THE DOCTOR

Lie quiet.

TONY

Someone verra sick in bed. Poveretto! Poveretto! Tony miss festa.

[*Gay voices outside call to children and children answer. The* DOCTOR *rises impatiently and goes to the door.* TONY *turns his head ever so slightly.*]

Eh, Doc! W'ere you go?

THE DOCTOR

It's high time those coyotes went home.

[*Applause rings from the crowd. The tenor is again vigorously repeating the last phrase and cadenza of "La Donna è Mobile."*]

TONY

Dat fella is no coyot'! He is music artiste.

THE DOCTOR

It's a marvel to me the man has any lungs left. He's been howling for five hours.

TONY

You don' ondrastan' such music. Come è bella! Ees "Rigoletto!"

THE DOCTOR

Look here now, Tony! I let you out of the hospital to get married.

TONY

You bet your life! You think any goddam doc is stoppin' me from gettin' married?

THE DOCTOR

I'm talking medicine, not love.

TONY

You talkin' too goddam much. You been spoil evrathing.

THE DOCTOR

Now, be reasonable, Tony. I let them bring you in here where you could see your friends.

TONY

An' den you mak' all my friends go outside.

THE DOCTOR

You're a sick man.

TONY

Ahi! Tony is verra sick . . . verra sick!

THE DOCTOR

Enough's enough. Why, half of what you have been through to-day would have killed a white man! You wops are crazy.

TONY

I don' let nobody stop no festa in my house. You go outside an' have a good time.

THE DOCTOR

I don't sing and I don't dance and I don't talk Italian and I don't drink.

TONY

I'm surprise' how much you don' know, Doc. [*He laughs. The jar is painful. He groans. The* DOCTOR *comes over to his bedside.*] W'ere is my Amy?

THE DOCTOR

She's all right. Keep quiet.

TONY

You goin' look for my Amy, Doc? You goin' see if she is havin' fine time?

[*Mandolins, a guitar, and an accordion strike up a sentimental waltz outside.*]

THE DOCTOR

If you'll be quiet. [*Humouring him, he goes to the door.*] I can see her from here and she's having a splendid time. Does that satisfy you?

TONY

Now evrabody goin' for dance!

[*A brief silence filled by the dance music to which*

TONY, *the incorrigible, beats time. Then* JOE *and* AH GEE *come along the porch pushing a wheelbarrow, a little flurry of the crowd in their wake. The* DOCTOR *shoos out the crowd.* JOE *and* AH GEE *come in.*]

JOE

How you makin' out. Tony?

TONY

Verra sick, Joe. - Is festa goin' good?

JOE

Festa's goin' fine, Tony. Me and Ah Gee's after more vino.

TONY

Da's good! Da's good!

JOE

Sure it's good. But it's a wonder everybody ain't drownded already.

TONY

Italian fellas don' get drownded in vino. Is my Amy havin' good fun, Joe?

JOE

Sure, she is! She's playin' with the kids.

TONY

Ah! . . . You go in da cellar with Ah Gee, Joe, and bring back playnta vino. Den you come back here and mak' little talk with Tony.

JOE

That's the idea. . . .
[*He goes into the cellar, followed by* AH GEE.]

THE DOCTOR

[*In the door, a fractious eye on the festa*]: Those mothers ought to be reported for keeping youngsters up this time of night.
[*A pause filled with voices and laughter.*]

TONY

[*Crescendo*]: Doc! Doc! Doc! [*The* DOCTOR *turns.*] You think I am well next week, Doc?

THE DOCTOR

I sincerely hope, Tony, that you may be well in six months.

TONY

Six month'?

THE DOCTOR

You don't seem to realize what a bad smash you had. [*As he sits down to his professional manner*:] Both

tibia and fibula are fractured in the right leg. The femur is crushed in the left, and the ischium damaged as well. Now, if no systemic complications develop . . .

TONY

Oh, my God!

THE DOCTOR

. . . six months. . . .

TONY

[*Crescendo again*]: Six month'! Six month'! Six month'!

THE DOCTOR

You won't make it any shorter by exciting yourself.

TONY

Da's right, Doc. Ees no good get excit'. I ondrastan'. But six month' . . . [*A pause.*] Doc, I'm goin' ask you som'thing an' you goin' tell me just da truth, eh?

THE DOCTOR

I know what's on your mind, Tony. If you keep quiet and take care of yourself, you'll have all the kids you want.

TONY

How many?

THE DOCTOR

Ten, anyway!

TONY

Three is playnta.

[*The music is loud again as* JOE *and* AH GEE *come back from the cellar with the new barrel of wine. They load it on the wheelbarrow and* AH GEE *takes it off to the thirsty populace.* JOE *remains behind.*]

THE DOCTOR

In the meanwhile Amy's going to have her hands full, taking care of you.

TONY

[*Violently*]: I don' marry with no woman for mak' her work. I don't want my Amy do nothing but only be happy an' fat.

JOE

There ain't nothin' too good for Tony. He marries a fine wife to play the piano for him an' he's goin' to rent a trained nurse to take care of him.

[AH GEE *is greeted with shouts of "Vino! Vino!" from the men and "Viva Antonio" from the girls.*]

TONY

You bet your life!

THE DOCTOR

Renting trained nurses is expensive, Tony.

TONY

I got playnta money.

[*The concertina and the mandolin begin playing the chorus of "Funiculi, Funicula!" The music is continued throughout the following scene.*]

JOE

[*Cigarette business*]: You old son of a gun! Give us a light, doc.

THE DOCTOR

Not in here, Joe!

[JOE *takes his cigarette outside. He sits with a wave to the crowd, who answer, "Joe! Joe!"*]

TONY

Is my Amy havin' good fun, Joe?

JOE

Sure. She's dancin' with the postman.

TONY

Da's good! Ees verra funny weddin' for me, Joe, but my Amy must have good time.

THE DOCTOR

Tony's got it bad.

JOE

Don't blame him. She's some girl.

TONY

I got to talk verra secret with Joe, Doc. You go outside for talk with my Amy. You better get good acquaint' with my Amy, Doc.
[*Applause outside for the dancers.*]

JOE

You could do worse, an' that's a fact.

THE DOCTOR

Tony's got to go to sleep.
[*The crowd outside shouts vociferously.*]

JOE

I won't keep him up.

TONY

Just a little w'ile, Doc? Fifteen minute'?

THE DOCTOR

Well, don't make it any longer. I want some sleep myself. Anybody would think I haven't a thing to do but take care of Tony.

JOE

We know you're a busy baby, Doc.

THE DOCTOR

Busy is right. [*Very expansive.*] To-morrow, now, I've got two confinements I'm watching and an appendicitis, all up on the St. Helena road. Then, just the other side of town, I've got the most beautiful tumour you could hope to see. And the sheriff's wife! Operated her yesterday. Gallstones. Gallstones? They were cobblestones. I never saw such a case! And then, with my regular practice and my own scientific researches to keep up with things.

TONY

Corpo Dio, goddam, Doc; don' be tellin' me no more 'bout who is sick and w'at he's sick for! I'm sick playnta myself, an' I got playnta trouble here. You go outside an' leave me for talk with Joe.

THE DOCTOR

All right, but I won't have any more nonsense when I come back. [*He goes; to* JOE *on the porch:*] I

cannot be responsible unless the patient enjoys complete quiet, after a shock like this to his nervous system.

JOE

Has Tony got a nervous system?

THE DOCTOR

Of course he has!

[*He disappears. A shout welcomes him.*]

TONY

W'at is nervous system, Joe?

JOE

It's what makes things hurt, Tony.

TONY

I got playnta.

[JOE *comes in and stands over* TONY *for a moment with a look of half-tender amusement on his face.* TONY *hums distractedly keeping time with one hand to the music of "Funiculi, Funicula." With the end of the music he drops his hands with a sigh.*]

JOE

What's on your mind, Tony?

TONY

Oh, Joe! . . . Joe!! . . . Joe!!!

JOE

What's the matter, Tony. Ain't you feelin' good?

TONY

Ees Amy! . . .

[JOE *sits in the* DOCTOR'S *chair, hitching it closer to the bed.*]

JOE

What do you want for a nickel? She married you, didn't she?

TONY

I'm scare', Joe. I'm scare' verra bad. I love my Amy, but my Amy don' love me.

JOE

Give her time, can't you? She wouldn't have married you if she wasn't all set to go through on the level.

TONY

You think?

JOE

Hell, I *know.*

TONY

W'at Amy say w'en she see me dees morning?

JOE

Oh, forget it, I tell you.

TONY

I got to know, Joe. You got to tell me. She's pretty goddam mad, eh?

JOE

Well, if she was, she got over it.

TONY

W'at I'm goin' to do for mak' evrathing all right, Joe? Da's w'at I want to know.

JOE

I tell you everythin' *is* all right, Tony. Oh, I ain't sayin' you ain't got to keep things movin' along easy an' friendly an' all. But that ain't goin' to be so hard. Just be good to her and take care of her. That's what Amy needs. She's tired, poor kid!

TONY

I'm all ready for tak' care like hell.

JOE

From what Amy was tellin' me this mornin', she's been a-havin' a helluva hard life for a girl, an' if she come through straight like she did, well, there ain't no credit due nobody but just only herself, and that's a fact.

TONY

You're a goddam smart fella, Joe.

JOE

I dunno how smart I am, Tony, but you can't tell me much. Not about women, you can't. Believe me, a girl gets a lousy deal any way you look at it. [*He reflects upon this for an instant before he illustrates.*] Take a fella, now, a young fella like me, see? It's goin' to do him good to knock around an' have his troubles an' all. [*A solemn shake of the head.*] But knockin' around just raises hell with a girl. She can't stand it. She can't stand it, because it ain't in her nature to get away with the whole show like a fella can. [TONY *is much impressed and signifies approval with a grunt.*] If a fella wants a meal, he swipes it, don't he? A girl can't be swipin' things. It 'ud make her feel bad. She'd think she was doin' somethin' wrong. [*This surprises* TONY, *but he is willing to take* JOE's *word for it.*] Gee, I sure would hate to be a woman!

TONY

[*Nodding agreement*]: Nobody is wantin' be a woman, Joe . . . But ees playnta good womans like my Amy!

JOE

Sure, there's good ones an' bad ones. But that ain't exactly what I mean, Tony. What I mean is, as far as I can see, it don't make a helluva lot of difference what a woman is: good or bad, young or old . . .

TONY

I lik' best fat!

JOE

. . . all women is up against it, and it's a dirty shame, too, because women ain't so bad. They ain't much use, maybe, but they ain't so bad.

TONY

My Amy is goin' have evrathing she want.

JOE

Ever heard anythin' about this dam' women's rights stuff? You know. Equality of the sexes. Woman doin' a man's work an' all that bunk?

TONY

Da's crazy idea!

JOE

The idea ain't so bad.

TONY

Ees crazy idea! Looka me! You think any woman is goin' be doin' my work? No, by God! I tell you, Joe, woman is best for sit in da house an' love da husband.

JOE

The trouble with women is, there's too goddam many of 'em. Why, I was readin' in the paper only the other day about England havin' three and a half women to every man.

TONY

W'at you mean?—half a womans!

JOE

I'm only tellin' you what the paper said.

TONY

Ees crazy idea! Half a womans! I tell you, Joe . . .

JOE

I been lookin' women over from San Diego to Seattle an' what most of 'em is after is a home. A good safe home, whether they get any rights with it or not. You

take my advice an' make everythin' nice an' comfortable for Amy an' you won't have no trouble. Amy's satisfied here. Don't you kid yourself she ain't.

[*Outside the crowd is off again, the tenors leading them in "Maria Mari."*]

TONY

You're a good boy, Joe, you're pretty smart.

JOE

I'm just tellin' you the truth. You're dam' lucky you picked a girl like Amy.

TONY

[*A moment of comfort; then despair again*]: Ees no good, Joe—ees no good.

JOE

Oh, for cripe's sake, Tony!

TONY

I'm tellin' you, Joe, ees no good. I'm the most unhappy fella in the world. W'y? Because I been verra bad sinner an' God is goin' get me for sure! He's broke both my legs already an' he's not finish' with me yet! God is no cheap fella, Joe. God is lookin' out at Tony right now, and you know what he's sayin'?

He's sayin': "Tony, you been one goddam sonuvabitch for playin' goddam dirty trick on Amy!" Da's w'at God is sayin', Joe, an' I know verra good w'at God is goin' do more. Just for playin' goddam dirty trick like dat on Amy, Tony don' never have no kids, never! W'at you think is mak' me do such a thing, Joe?

JOE

Oh, hell, you always was crazy.

TONY

Ees no good, for such a bad fella like me gettin' married. God is goin' fix me playnta, all right.

JOE

I seen God let worse guys'n you get by.

TONY

You think?

JOE

If you want to square things, you better make Amy glad you done what you done.

TONY

You think? . . . Yes. . . . [*Pause.*] Look, Joe. . . [*He draws a plush box from under his blanket.*] Ees present for Amy. You open him.

JOE

[*Obeying*]: Say! Them's what I call regular earrings!

TONY

You bet your life! He's cost four hundra dollar'!

JOE

Are them real diamonds?

TONY

[*Nodding*]: I guess Amy like 'em pretty good, eh?

JOE

She'll be crazy about 'em. You're a pretty wise old wop, Tony, ain't you? [*He hands the box back to* TONY, *who laughs delightedly.* JOE *looks at him for a moment then goes to door and calls out*:] Amy!

TONY

Eh, Joe!

JOE

You're goin' to make the presentation right away now. That'll settle your worries for you. . . . Amy, come here! Tony wants to see you!

TONY

You think is good time now?

JOE

I *know*. . . . Amy!

[AMY *appears in doorway. She wears her wedding dress and veil. The dress is undeniably pretty and only wrong in one or two places. The veil has been pulled rather askew. The whole picture is at once charming and pathetic.*]

AMY

What's the idea? [*Her voice is a little tired. She does not look at* JOE.]

JOE

Tony wants you.

AMY

[*She comes in stolidly and takes the chair farthest from* TONY'S *cot. She sits there stiffly.*]

Well, here I am.

TONY

[*Ultra-tenderly*]: My Amy is tire'!

AMY

You don't blame me, do you? I've had quite a day. Gee, them kids out there have been climbing all over me.

TONY

Da's good.

AMY

Oh, I don't mind kids if they go to bed when they ought to and know how to behave. Believe me, if I ever have any kids, they're going to behave.

TONY

You hear dat, Joe?

AMY

I said "if." [*A silence.*] I wouldn't object.

TONY

[*Amorously*]: Amy . . . Come over here.

AMY

[*Rising quickly*]: I guess I ain't so tired. I guess I better go back or they'll be wondering what's become of the blooming bride. Some bloom, huh?

[*The fireworks hiss and flare again and* AMY, *very like a little girl, is out on the porch for the delight of seeing them. The enthusiasm of the crowd fairly rattles the windows.*]

They sure do yell out there! When you get enough wops together and put enough vino in 'em, they sure can speak up! . . . I think I'll take off my veil. [*She does.*] Phew! That thing don't look like no weight at all, but it feels like a ton of bricks.

TONY

Amy, come over here.

AMY

I'm all right where I am.

TONY

Amy!

AMY

What?

TONY

You like earrings, Amy?

AMY

Earrings? I'm human, ain't I?

JOE

That's the idea.

AMY

[*A real snarl*]: I didn't speak to you. I was addressing Tony.

TONY

Ah, you call me Tony for da first time!

AMY

Expect me to call my husband mister? That'd sound swell, wouldn't it? Tony. Short for Antonio. Antonio and Cleopatra, huh? Can you beat it? You'll have to call me Cleo.

TONY

I like better Amy.

AMY

There ain't no short for Amy. It's French and it means beloved. Beloved! Can you beat it? The boss in the spaghetti palace told me that the night he tried to give me a twelve-dollar pearl necklace. Twelve dollars! He was some sport. When he seen I couldn't see it that way, he give it to Blanche. She was the other girl that worked there. He had a wife and three kids too. [TONY *beckons again and* AMY *takes further refuge in conversation.*] I like that name Blanche. I used to wish my name was Blanche instead of Amy. Blanche got in trouble. Poor Blanche! Gee, I was sorry for that girl!

TONY

Come over here, Amy. [*He holds out the box.*]

AMY

What's that?

TONY

Ees my present for my Amy.

AMY

What you got there, Tony?

TONY

For you.

AMY

Something for me? [*By this time, she has got over to the cot. She takes the box.*] Honest? Well, now, if that isn't sweet of you, Tony. [*She opens it.*] Oh! . . . Oh!! . . . Oh!!!

TONY

Ees for mak' Amy happy.

JOE

They're real! Real diamonds!

TONY

You bet your life! Four hundra dollar'.

AMY

I . . . I . . . [*Tears come.*] Real diamonds. . . . [*She sits in the* DOCTOR'S *chair and cries and cries.*]

TONY

Don' cry, Amy! Don' cry! Ees no' for cry, earrings! Ees for festa! Ees for marryin' with Tony!

AMY

I don't know what to say! I don't know what to do!

JOE

Put 'em on. [*He gets the mirror, brings it over to where* AMY *sits, and holds it for her while she begins to put the earrings on. Her sobs gradually subside.*]

AMY

I had another pair once, so I got my ears pierced already. Ma pierced my ears herself with a needle and thread. Only these kind screw on! Say, ain't they beautiful! My others was turquoises and gold. Real turquoises and real gold. But these here cost four hundred dollars! Oh, I never dreamed of anything so gorgeous! [*She takes the mirror from* JOE.]

TONY

Amy . . . Amy . . .

AMY

Can I wear 'em whenever I want?

TONY

You can wear 'em in da bed if you want!

AMY

Oh, thank you, Tony! [*She is just about to kiss him.*]

JOE

Now, everything's fine!

AMY

[*Furiously*]: Say what's the idea? What have you got to do with this? You're always buttin' in. Say . . . [*Suddenly she remembers the momentous photograph which still lies on the table.*] Wait a minute. [*She picks it up and hands it quite violently to* JOE.] Here's your picture.

TONY

[*Watching in terror*]: Santa Maria!

AMY

Here! You better take it! Take it, I tell you! I don't want it.

[JOE *looks first at the photograph, then at the lady.*]

JOE

I guess you ain't far wrong, Amy. I hope there ain't no hard feelin's.

AMY

Why should there be any hard feelings?

TONY

Benissimo!

JOE

All right. Only I didn't want you to think. . . . [*A long pause.*]

AMY

[*Very steadily*]: You ain't got much of a swelled head, have you, Mr. Joe?

[JOE's *face falls. The tension is snapped by a gesture from* TONY.]

TONY

Tear him up, Joe! Tear him up!

[JOE *obeys.*]

AMY

Now we don't ever have to think of that again.

TONY

Madonna! . . . Da's verra good.

AMY

You see, that's the only way to do. There ain't no use of keeping things around to remind you of what

you want to forget. Start in all over again new and fresh. That's my way. Burn up everything you want to put behind you. No reminders and no souvenirs. I been doing that regular about once a month ever since I was a kid. No memories for me. No hard feelings. It's a great life, if you don't weaken. I guess, if I keep at it long enough, I may get somewhere, some day. [*She turns and deliberately kisses* TONY *on the brow.*]

JOE

[*To* TONY]: Will that hold you? I guess you don't need to worry no more after that. I guess that fixes your troubles for good. I guess you better admit I was pretty near right.

TONY

Now you know for w'y I been wantin' you go away, Joe. Dat goddam picture photograph! But evrathing is fix' now. Evrathing is fine. You don' need go away now, Joe.

JOE

You don't need me now. I guess I can migrate now. You got Amy to take care of you.

TONY

No! No! I need you here for tak' care of my vine-

yard. I don' let you go away now. Amy don' let you go away now.

AMY

Is he thinking of going away, Tony?

TONY

He don' go now, Dio mio! Ees no good Joe goin' away and leavin' Tony sick in da bed with nobody for runnin' vineyard!

JOE

You'll get somebody.

AMY

When's he going?

TONY

He say to-morrow. You don' let him go, Amy?

AMY

I got nothing to say about it.

TONY

You hear dat, Joe. Amy is askin' you for stay here.

AMY

[*Scorn*]: *Yes*, I am!

JOE

I got to go, Tony. I just plain got to go.

AMY

If he won't stay for you, Tony, he won't stay for me. It ain't the place of a lady to be coaxing him, anyhow. . . . [*She again turns malevolent attention upon* JOE.] Where you headed for?

JOE

The next place.

AMY

What's the idea?

JOE

I just got to be on my way, an' that's all there is to it.

TONY

Ees all dose goddam Wobblies, Amy. You tell him stay here, w'ile Tony is so sick in da bed like dees. You don' go to-morrow, Joe. You and me is talkin' more by-an'-by, in da mornin'.

JOE

Oh, what's the use? I'm goin', I tell you.

AMY

[*Smiling darkly*]: It must be pretty swell, being free and independent and beating it around the country just however you feel like, sleeping any place the notion hits you, no ties, work a day and bum a week, here and there, you and the—what do you call 'em? Wobblies? Huh! I never could see much in it myself. Calling in at farmhouses for a plate of cold stew and a slab of last Sunday's pie. Down in the Santa Clara we used to keep a dog for those boys. I guess it's a fine life if you like it. Only I never had much use for hoboes myself.

TONY

Joe ain' no hobo, Amy!

AMY

Ain't he?

JOE

[*Completely discomfited*]: I guess I'll say good-night.

FATHER MCKEE

[*Furiously shouting off stage*]: You got no business callin' it sacramental, because it ain't got no sanction from the Church!

[*Tony looks at the pair of them in unbelieving horror.*

*Joe starts to go. Amy smiles triumphantly. Then the situation is saved by a tumult of voices and the porch is suddenly packed with the guests of the festa: men, women, and children, old and young, fat and lean. They follow* The Doctor *and* Father McKee, *who are engaged in a furious argument.*]

The Doctor

Is the Church opposed to the law or is it not?

Father McKee

The Church is opposed to interfering with the divine gifts of Providence.

The Doctor

[*As he enters*]: It's the greatest reform since the abolition of slavery.

Father McKee

[*As he enters*]: "The ruler of the feast calleth the bridegroom and sayeth unto him: 'Every man setteth on first the good wine.' "

The Doctor

Oh, hell!

Father McKee

You're a godless heretic, young man, or you wouldn't be talkin' such blasphemy! I ain't got no sympathy

with drunkenness, but there's plenty of worse things. How about chamberin'? Ain't chamberin' a worse sin than drunkenness? You think you can put a stop to drunkenness by pullin' up all the grapes. I suppose you think you can put a stop to chamberin' by pulling up all the women!

JOE

There's an argument for you, Doc.

THE DOCTOR

Alcohol is a poison to the entire alimentary system whether you make it in a still or in a wine barrel. It's poison, and poison's no good for any man. As for the Church . . .

FATHER MCKEE

[*Beside himself*]: It ain't poison if you don't get drunk on it, an' you don't get drunk if you're a good Cath'lic!

THE DOCTOR

I suppose that drunkenness is confined to such scientific heretics as myself?

AMY

You certainly was lappin' it up outside, Doc.

TONY

Don' fight!

FATHER MCKEE

You'll have to pardon me, Tony, but when I hear these heretics gettin' full on bootleg liquor and callin' it sacramental!

[*The rest of the argument is drowned in the pandemonium of the crowd. At first* THE DOCTOR *tries to keep them out.*]

THE GUESTS

Buona notte! Buon riposo! Evviva Antonio! Tanti auguri! Felice notte! Tante grazie!

JOE

Festa's over.

THE GUESTS

Come sta Antonio? Come va? Voglio veder la padrona! Grazie, Antonio! Buona notte! Tanti auguri! A rivederci!

THE DOCTOR

[*To* JOE]: Tell them to cut the row!

THE GUESTS

Grazie, Antonio! Mille grazie, Antonio! Buona notte, Antonio! Tanti auguri! A rivederci!

THE DOCTOR

Keep those wops out of here! There's been enough noise already with this bigoted old soak.

FATHER McKEE

You heretical, blasphemin' . . .

TONY

Padre, Madonna mia, don' fight no more! [*To the crowd*]: Eh!

THE DOCTOR

[*Still holding the crowd back in the doorway*]: No, you can't come in here!

THE GUESTS

Si, si, dottore! Si, si, dottore! Prego, dottore!

THE DOCTOR

No! Tony's too sick!

TONY

Tak' a pinch-a snuff, Doc, an' sit down.
[*The guests surge in as* TONY *calls to them*]:
Vieni! Vieni qui! Venite tutti! Venite tutti!

THE GUESTS

Come va? Sta bene? Sta meglio, Antonio? Ha tanto sofferto, poveretto! Poveretto!

TONY

[*Picking out a small boy*]: Ecco il mio Giovannino! Ah, com' è grande e bello e forte! Quanto pesa?

GIOVANNINO'S MOTHER

Ah, si, è grande, non è vero? Pesa sessanta cinque libbre.

TONY

Sessanta cinque! [*To* AMY]: Amy, looka him! He weigh' sixty-five pound', an' he's only . . . [*To the mother*]: Quant' anni?

GIOVANNINO'S MOTHER

Soltanto nove.

TONY

He's only nine year' old an' he weigh sixty-five pound'!

ANOTHER MOTHER

Antonio, ecco la mia.

[*A little girl runs to throw her arms around* TONY's *neck and kiss him. Exclamations of delight.*]

TONY

[*To the mother*]: Ah! Come si chiama?

THE SECOND MOTHER

Maria Maddalena Rosina Vittoria Emanuela.

TONY

Maria Maddalena Rosina Vit—— [*To* AMY]: Looka Maria Maddalena! Ah, Maria Maddalena is goin' grow up an' be a fine, beautiful lady like my Amy.

GIOVANNINO'S MOTHER

E il mio Giovannino! [*To* MARIA'S MOTHER]: Santa Madonna! Ella non è più bella che il mio Giovannino!

MARIA'S MOTHER

[*Furious*]: Si, è più bella! È molto più bella che un ragazzone come questo.

GIOVANNINO'S MOTHER

Non è ragazzone, senti!

MARIA'S MOTHER

Si! Ma, la mia carina.

THE MEN

[*Hilariously*]: Giovannino! Giovannino!

THE WOMEN

[*At the same time*]: Maria Maddalena! Maria Maddalena!

THE DOCTOR

Come on, now, get out! We've had enough of this!

ANGELO *and* GIORGIO

[*Facing the howling mob*]: Basta! Basta! Via! Via! Fuori! Avanti! Al diavolo!
[*Uproar and retreat.*]

AMY

[*On the porch, she stops them.*] No, wait a minute! I want to tell 'em all good-night. Good-night! Good-night! Thank you. I've had the very best wedding that ever was and I'm the happiest girl in the world because you've been so good to me. Come back to-morrow and see Tony and tell him all the news. Good night and God bless you.

VOICES

Siamo molto contenti! Com' è gentile! Com' è bella! Com' è simpatica! Grazie tanto, Amy!

JOE

They say thank you and God bless you. . . . Beat it, now. Buona notte! Run along. Come back to-morrow.

[*As they go down the hill, tenor, concertina, and chorus strike into song.*]

TONY

Oh, Amy, I w'isper in your ear, Amy. You ain' goin' be mad with Tony for bein' so crazy-wild with love? You come in da house like da spring come in da winter. You come in da house like da pink flower dat sit on da window sill. W'en you come da whole world is like da inside da wine cup. You ondrastan', Amy? I canno' help talkin' dees way. I got for tell you, Amy, an' I ain' got no English language for tell you. My Amy is so good, so prett'! My Amy. . . . [*He fairly breaks down.* AMY *pats his hand.*]

JOE

[*To* FATHER MCKEE]: Look at the poor wop. [*He is just going.*]

THE DOCTOR

Don't go, Joe. I want a hand with Tony.

FATHER MCKEE

Listen. . . . [*He holds up his hand for them to attend to the music. He pours wine into a cup.*] Here's to the bridal couple!

JOE

[*Same business*]: Doc?

THE DOCTOR

No, thanks.

AMY

Oh, Doctor!

TONY

Doc, you no drink Tony's health?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, all right! [*He drinks with the others.*] Nasty stuff. [*He drains his glass. They laugh, all of them.*] Off to bed with you now, Tony!

TONY

My leg is hurt too much. I canno' sleep.

THE DOCTOR

I've got something that'll make you sleep. [*He mixes a powder in water and presents it to* TONY *for consumption.*]

TONY

Jes' Chris'! I canno' drink water, Doc! [*With the* DOCTOR's *consent he adds wine to the draught.*]

THE DOCTOR

That's right. . . . Drink up. . . . .
[*The potion is downed.*]

TONY

Amy, you lookin' sad!

JOE

Do you blame her? She's had some day.
[*A pat on her shoulder. She shrinks angrily.*]

AMY

I ain't sad. . . . It was a swell wedding and everybody had a swell time. Hear that? They're still singing. Ain't it pretty? And I don't want to hear no more of what the Doc was telling me outside about bringing a trained nurse up here from Napa. I'm all the nurse Tony needs, and don't nobody be afraid of my working, because there's nothing I like better. And when Tony's good and strong and don't have to be in bed all the time, we'll have Giorgio and Angelo carry him out in the sun and I'll sit beside him and read the paper out loud and we'll look at the view and feel that nice wind and we'll just enjoy ourselves. And the doc'll come up and see us. And the Padre, too, if they can keep from fighting. And if Joe goes away—why—he goes away, that's all. Don't nobody fret about little Amy. She's going to be all right.
[*The* DOCTOR *and the* PRIEST *exchange approving glances.*]

FATHER MCKEE

Amy, you're a credit to the parish.

THE DOCTOR

[*At the head of the cot*]: Joe, take that end!

TONY

[*Still spellbound*]: My Amy. . . .

AMY

Yes, Tony?

TONY

I'm sleepy.

THE DOCTOR

[*As* JOE *and he lift the cot*]: Not too high.

TONY

[*Groaning, he can still reach to take his bottle along*]: Wait!

JOE

Steady! You hold the door, Padre.

THE DOCTOR

Easy now! Not too fast.

AMY

Watch out for his hand!

THE DOCTOR

Take shorter steps, Joe. Every man ought to be taught how to carry a stretcher. Why, when I was in France . . . [*He backs through the door.*] Lower your end, Joe! You'll give him apoplexy.

TONY

Oh! . . .

JOE

I got him. . . .

[*He follows through the door with the foot of the cot. Another groan from* TONY. AMY *takes a step toward door.*]

FATHER McKEE

Better give 'em a minute.

[*He goes into the bedroom.* AMY *is left alone. She stands quite still for a moment; then, giddily, drops into a chair.* FATHER McKEE *returns.*]

FATHER McKEE

You're a fine brave girl.

AMY

Thanks.

FATHER McKEE

We have our trials, all of us.

*Photograph by Bruguiere*

Richard Bennett, Pauline Lord, and Glenn Anders in
"They Knew What They Wanted"

AMY

Sure, I know that.

FATHER McKEE

If ever you need a word of comfort, call on me, my daughter.

AMY

Thanks.

FATHER McKEE

You may not be a Cath'lic, but I'll do my best by you. [AMY *smiles wanly.*] I had my doubts of this here marriage, but God knows who's meant for who in this world. He ain't done a bad turn by either you or Tony.

AMY

I got no kick.

[*The* DOCTOR *enters, quietly closing the bedroom door after him.*]

FATHER McKEE

Be patient with him. He's old enough to be your father, and no man ain't got no business marryin' at his age, but he's a good fella.

AMY

I guess I better go in there now.

THE DOCTOR

[*Wiping his hands medically on his spotless handkerchief*]: He's asleep. I've never known the like. Never in all my years of practice. It's a case that ought to be written up for the whole, entire medical profession. Both legs broken in the morning. Tibia, fibula, femur, and ischium. X-rayed and set inside of an hour after the accident. Patient married at noon and survives ten hours of whooping Dago celebration with no apparent ill effects.

AMY

[*Grim*]: Yeah! What do you want me to do, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Let me send up a nurse in the morning.

AMY

No.

THE DOCTOR

A man in a cast's a handful. It's going to be a long siege.

AMY

I can manage. [*Suddenly desperate*:] God! I got to have something to do!

THE DOCTOR

Well. . . . [*He shrugs his shoulders.*] If he wakes up to-night, give him another one of those powders in a little wine. Wine won't harm the drug and water might kill the patient. Eh, Padre?

AMY

Is that all, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

That's all. I'll come up early in the morning.

AMY

Thanks.

THE DOCTOR

Sure about the nurse? [*She nods.*] You take it pretty calmly.

AMY

Ain't much else I can do, is there?

THE DOCTOR

Good-night. Joe's fixing you up a bed. He'll be here if you want him.

FATHER MCKEE

[*Going with the* DOCTOR]: I ain't kissed the bride.

THE DOCTOR

Come on!

[*He pushes* FATHER MCKEE *in front of him and they go off. Their voices die away.*

AMY *goes to the table and mechanically removes her earrings.* AH GEE *enters by the outer door with a tray of glasses.* JOE *enters from the bedroom, closing the door carefully after him.*]

JOE

You turn in, Ah Gee. I'm going to sleep in here.

[AH GEE *goes to his kitchen.* JOE *watches* AMY *with the same puzzled frown he has worn since she first turned upon him.*]

Amy . . . [*She stiffens.*] I got you fixed up in Tony's big bed. I'm goin' to sleep in here in case you want any help.

AMY

All right.

JOE

Well, good-night. [*He goes about making himself comfortable for the night.*]

AMY

Good-night, Joe.

JOE

Keep a stiff upper lip. Everything's going to turn out O. K. Good-night.

AMY

You certainly do think you're God Almighty, don't you?

JOE

I don't get you.

AMY

Oh, well, let it go. I guess I don't feel so good.

JOE

[*Still busy with his bed*]: Maybe it's the vino. It don't agree with some folks.
[*A slight pause.*]

AMY

I guess I'm just nervous.

JOE

I'd be nervous myself if I'd just been married.

AMY

Would you?

JOE

If I was a girl, I would.

AMY

Maybe that's why I'm nervous.

JOE

Sure it is. I often think how it must be for a girl takin' a big, important step like gettin' married. Everything new an' diff'rent an' all that.

AMY

Yeah.

JOE

But I wouldn't let it worry me if I was you.

AMY

I won't, Mister Joe. [*She takes up one of the lamps.*]

JOE

That's the idea. Good-night.

AMY

Good-night. [*She turns and looks desperately at him.*]

JOE

Say, look here, Amy . . .

AMY

I don't remember of giving you leave to use my Christian name.

JOE

Excuse me . . . only . . . there's something I just got to say to you before I go away. Because I am going. I'm going in the morning just as soon as Tony wakes up so's I can tell him good-by. But there's something I just got to ask you.

AMY

What is it?

JOE

You like Tony all right, don't you?

AMY

I married him, didn't I? And I let him give me jewelry, too, didn't I? A nice, self-respecting girl don't accept jewelry from a man she don't like. Not real jewelry.

JOE

I know that . . . only . . . it ain't just what I mean. Because, Tony—oh, he's a nut an' a wop an' all that, but he's just the best old fella I ever knew. Regular salt of the earth, Tony is. I wouldn't

like to see Tony in trouble or unhappy or gettin' his feelings hurt or anything in that line. . . .

AMY

[*Dangerously*]: Oh, wouldn't you?

JOE

No. An' it's all up to you now. . . . An' . . . well, you see what a fine old fella he is, don't you?

AMY

I ain't been complaining about him that I remember. When I start in complaining there'll be plenty of time then for outsiders to butt in and make remarks.

JOE

Don't get sore.

AMY

[*Fury again*]: Who's sore? Say, listen to me. I know what I'm about, see? I married for a home, see? Well, I got a home, ain't I? I wanted to get away from working in the city. Well, I got away, didn't I? I'm in the country, ain't I? And I ain't working so very hard, either, that I can notice. Oh, I know what's expected of me and I ain't going to lay down on my job. Don't you fret. You be on your way, and mind your own business.

JOE

Oh, all right!

AMY

I got all I bargained for and then some. I'm fixed. I'm satisfied. I didn't come up here . . . like I did . . . looking for love . . . or . . . or anything like that.

JOE

All I got to say is it's a good thing you got so dam' much sense.

AMY

I'll thank you not to swear about me, too. . . .

JOE

You got me wrong, Amy. I apologize. Maybe I was only seein' Tony's side of the question. Some girls would have been sorer'n you was over what old Tony done to get you here. But you're a real sport, that's what you are. You're a great girl an' I'm all for you. [*He emphasizes his approval with another patronizing pat on her shoulder.*]

AMY

Oh, for God's sake, leave me alone, can't you?

JOE

[*Who can grow angry himself*]: Sure, I can! Good-night!

AMY

Good-night! [*She stands quite still, so does he. Far, far away the irrepressible tenor resumes "Maria Mari."*]

JOE

I'm sleeping in here in case . . .

AMY

There won't be any need of your putting yourself out.

JOE

How do you know but what Tony . . .

AMY

I can take care of Tony and the further off *you* keep yourself the better I'll be pleased. [*Their eyes blaze.*]

JOE

Well, if you feel that way, I'll go back to my own shack. [*He grabs his coat and makes for the door.*] That wop'll be singing all night. [*He is out on the porch.*]

AMY

Joe!

JOE

What?
[*He returns.*]

AMY

Would you mind waiting just a minute? There's something *I* got to ask *you*.

JOE

Shoot. . . .

AMY

You got to tell *me* the truth this time. You just got to tell me the truth. . . . You really and honestly didn't know nothing about his sending me that photo of you instead of his own, did you? You didn't know nothing at all about that?

JOE

Honest to God, I didn't. . . . Honest to God. . . .

AMY

On your sacred word of honour?

JOE

Honest

AMY

I'm glad. And I want to apologize to you for what I said just now . . . and for that other thing I said about your being a common hobo and all. . . . I'm sorry, Joe. Will you forgive me?

JOE

Oh, that's all right.

AMY

I wouldn't want to have you go away to-morrow thinking what a mean character I got.

JOE

Nothing like that.

AMY

You mean it?

JOE

Shake. [*They shake hands, standing in the doorway.*] You're cryin'! . . . What's the matter, kid?

AMY

Oh, I don't know. . . . Nothing. . . . I'm all right. . . .

JOE

Come on! Don't get upset. Just make the best of things.

AMY

It ain't that.

JOE

Well, just make the best of things, anyway.

AMY

I'm trying to! I'm trying to!

JOE

[*His hands on her shoulders*]: You're married to a good man. I know the weddin' was kind of funny with Tony all smashed up an' all. But you just hold on a while an' everythin'll be O. K. You'll see!

AMY

I bet all those people are laughing at me.

JOE

No, they ain't.

AMY

I bet you're laughing at me.

JOE

I ain't, Amy. I'm sorry. . . .

AMY

[*Moving back from him*]: Leave me alone, can't you?

JOE

[*His voice very low*]: Say, you're all right, Amy. . . . You're plumb all right.

AMY

I always was all right till I come up here. Now I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!

JOE

Don' talk that way. You're all right. . . .

[*Clumsily, he takes her arm. She stumbles. He catches her. There is a moment of silence broken only by their deep breathing as the physical being of one is communicated to the physical being of the other. Suddenly and irresistibly he clutches her to his breast and kisses her. She struggles a moment, then abandons herself.*]

TONY

[*Calling out in the bedroom*]: Amy!

[*She breaks loose, sobbing hysterically.*]

JOE

[*A whisper*]: Jesus!

[*She stifles a little cry and turns for the bedroom door.*]

No, you don't. . . . [*He catches her.*]

AMY

[*Struggling*]: Let me go!

TONY

Amy!

[*She breaks free, terrified, and runs out of the house.* JOE *stands listening a moment, then runs after her as the curtain falls.*]

# THE THIRD ACT

## THE THIRD ACT

[*The scene is unchanged, but the woman's presence has made itself felt. Handsome, though inexpensive, cretonne curtains grace the windows. A garish jardinière of porcelain holds a geranium plant and stands upon a coloured oriental tabouret. The lamps have acquired art shades: one of some light-coloured silk on a wire form and adorned with roses of the same material in a lighter shade, the other of parchment painted with windmills and Dutch kiddies. New pictures selected from the stock-in-trade of almost any provincial "art department" hang upon the walls; one of them, perhaps, a portrait of a well-known lady screen star. These have replaced Washington and Garibaldi and the Italian Steamship Company's poster. Painted and elaborately befringed leather sofa cushions fill the large chairs. It is hoped that one of the variety showing the head of Hiawatha can be secured for this, as they say, "touch." A brilliantly embroidered centrepiece covers the dining-room table and the flowers in the middle are palpably artificial. A white waste-paper basket is girt by a cerise ribbon which makes some corner of the room splendid. A victrola graces another corner.*

*Three months have passed. It is mid-afternoon. An invalid chair has been made by laying a board between the seat of the morris chair and the top of a box. In this* Tony *reclines, his crutches lying on the floor by his side.* Father McKee *nods drowsily in another chair.* Joe *sits on the porch rail outside the window perusing the scareheads of an I. W. W. paper.*]

Father McKee

[*Continuing the discussion*]: Now, Joe, don't be tryin' to tell me that things is goin' to be any better for havin' a revolution, because they ain't. Gover'ment's always gover'ment no matter what you call it, an' no particular kind of gover'ment ain't no more'n a label anyway. You don't change nothin' by givin' it a new name. Stick a "peppermint" label on a bottle of castor oil an' then drink it an' see what happens to you. Castor oil happens!

Tony

I am work' just as much like Joe an' I don' want changin' nothing.

Joe

I suppose you both come over here in the first place because you was satisfied with everythin' just like it was in the old country?

FATHER McKEE

Human nature ain't nothin' but human nature an' the only way you ever could make a gover'ment is by obedience. Scalliwaggin' around about grievances an' labels don't accomplish nothin'. An' the only way you can make a revolution anythin' but a mess to no purpose is to change the people's ideas an' thank goodness there ain't nobody can accomplish that. It can't be done.

JOE

They're changin' already, Padre.

FATHER McKEE

I'm talkin' to you with the cassock off, Joe. I'm lettin' you in on the secrets of the Mother Church. She knows the stock of ideas the world over an' she knows they don't never change. The Mother Church just keeps hammerin' an' hammerin' the same old nails because she knows there ain't no new ones worth hammerin'.

TONY

People come in da Unita State' because ees good place. I been comin' for mak' money.

JOE

You certainly succeeded.

TONY

You don' ondrastan', Joe. You got crazy idea. I'm comin' here for mak' money an' you want tak' my money all away.

JOE

What's your idea of progress, Padre?

FATHER McKEE

Improvin' yourself! Now, Joe, it comes to my notice that you been 'round here talkin' pretty uppity 'bout the U. S. gover'ment. T'ain't no good just makin' slurrin' remarks 'bout the gover'ment when you ain't got the ability nor the power to do nothin' toward improvin' it. You have got the power to do somethin' toward improvin' yourself, but I don't see you doin' it.

TONY

W'at I care for gover'ment? Peoples is tellin' me king is no good an' freedom is verra fine. W'at I care for king? W'at I care for freedom? Evrabody say dees gover'ment is bad for havin' pro'ibish'. I say pro'ibish' mak' me dam' rich. Evra man got his own idea w'at is good for evrabody else.

JOE

You're a bloomin' capitalist, that's what you are!

TONY

You mak' me tire', Joe. Evra minute talkin' 'bout Russia. . . . Russia. . . . Tak' a pinch-a snuff an' shut up!

JOE

Russia's got the right idea.

FATHER McKEE

Now, listen to me, young man. If you had the energy an' the reverence for authority and the continence that Tony has, you wouldn't be carryin' on 'bout no revolutions in Russia. 'T'ain't sense. I've read a-plenty of your radical literature an' if you ask me, it's just plain stupid. I may be a priest an' I may be a celibate, but that don't make me no less of a man. An' no real man ain't never got no use for carryin's on. You radicals, Joe, you're always an' forever hollerin' an' carryin' on 'bout your rights. How 'bout your duties? There ain't no one to prevent your doin' your duties but you ain't never done 'em in your life.

JOE

I'm savin' my duties for the brotherhood of man.

TONY

Dio mio!

FATHER McKEE

You're talkin' a lot of balderdash. Mind your own business an' leave the brotherhood of man to me. Brothers is *my* job.

TONY

You think evrabody's goin' be brother like dat an' don' scrap no more? Ees crazy idea! You ain' got no good sense, Joe, you an' dose goddam Wobblies.

FATHER McKEE

I been mullin' this over in my mind, Joe, ever since Tony asked me to come up an' talk to you. An' I come to the conclusion that capital an' labour'll go on scrappin' to the end of time and they'll always be a certain number of people that'll stand up for the under dog. I been standin' up for the underdog all my life . . .

JOE

[*Indignant, he comes into the room.*] Yes, you have! A helluva lot of standin' up you ever done for anybody but yourself!

TONY

[*Talking at the same time*]: Now, Joe, don' you be gettin' fresh! You listen to w'at da Padre's sayin'!

FATHER MCKEE

[*Talking at the same time*]: . . . but I learned a long time ago that the dog on top needs just as much standin' up for as the other kind and I ain't got much use for either of 'em because both of 'em's always complainin' an' carryin' on.

TONY

I been 'Merican citizen for twent' year'. I been vote evra year—some times two times. Ees fine thing, vote! I like. He mak' me feel like I am good man an' patriotic fella. But w'at I know 'bout vote? I don' know nothing. I don' care nothing. You think you know so much, eh? You want for change' evrathing an w'en you got evrathing change' like you want, some other fella is comin' for changin' you. Ees no good. [*A defiant look about him.*] You look-a me an' do like I done. You marry with good wife like my Amy an' live quiet in a fine house an' gettin' rich like me an' . . . an' . . . an' raisin' playnta kids like I am goin' do. Da's w'at is for life. Not for runnin' evra place, goddam to hell gover'ment with goddam Wobblies!

JOE

Now you got Tony goin' on kids again. I sure am catchin' all that's comin' my way. But, just the same, I'm goin' to take my trip to Frisco an' see what's what.

FATHER MCKEE

Well, Joe, I can understand your wantin' to shake the dust of this place off'n your feet. But I got to tell you that the adventures of the spirit is a great deal more interestin' than the adventures of the flesh. No man can't do no more'n 'bout six things with his flesh. But he can have a heap of fun with his immortal soul.

TONY

Joe is dam' lucky havin' good job here. Last time he talk 'bout goin' away, he tak' my advice an' stay here for runnin' da vineyard. Dees time he better tak' my advice some more.

[FATHER MCKEE *is fingering Joe's papers ominously.*]

JOE

I'll just trouble you for them papers, Padre.

FATHER MCKEE

If you take my advice you'll burn 'em.

TONY

Joe don' mean no harm.

JOE

Maybe I don't mean nothin' at all. Maybe I'm just restless an' rarin' to go. I read these things an' they

make me think. A man ought to think if he can. Oh, not tall talk. Just what he could be doin' himself. I think how I could get into the scrap. I ought to have been in on the dock strike at San Pedro, but I wasn't. I don't want to miss another big fight like that, do I? You fellows don't understand, but that's the way it is. An' maybe you're right an' I'm wrong. I can't help that. Maybe when I get down to Frisco I'll hear the same old bull from the same old loud-mouths, just like it used to be. Maybe I'll get disgusted and beat it south for the orange pickin's, or maybe go back on the railroad, or maybe in the oilfields. But, what the hell! I been hangin' around here on the point of goin' for three months now. I might just as well pick up and clear out to-morrow or the day after. I'll come back some day, Tony. Anyway, there ain't no use of expectin' anythin' out of a guy like me. Don't get sore. What the hell!

TONY

You goin' in da jail, sure!

JOE

I could go worse places. A guy went to jail up in Quincy, in Plumas County, awhile back, for carryin' a Wobbly card—like this one, see? [*He displays the famous bit of red cardboard.*] His lawyer pleads with the judge to go easy on the sentence. "Your honour,"

he says, "this chap served in France an' won the Croy de Gaire an' the Distinguished Service Cross." An' right there the guy jumps up an' says: "Don't you pay no attention to that stuff," he says. "I don't want no credit for no services I ever performed for no gover'-ment that tells me I got to go to jail to stand up for my rights."

FATHER MCKEE

Do you want to go to jail?

JOE

There's worse places, I tell you. I been there before, too. That guy in Quincy got the limit an' I'd like to shake hands with him, I would. Tony says this is a free country. Well, Tony ought to know. He's a bootlegger.

TONY

[*Indignantly*]: Hah!

JOE

What I say is: about the only freedom we got left is the freedom to chose which one of our rights we'll go to jail for.

FATHER MCKEE

[*Super-sententiously*]: Joe . . .

TONY

Shhh! Here's Amy!

AMY

[*Off stage*]: Ah Gee!

[JOE *rises;* FATHER MCKEE *pauses in his harangue;* TONY *beams;* AMY *enters. She wears a bright dress and a red-straw hat which pushes her hair down about her face. A duster swings dashingly from her shoulders. Her market basket hangs from her arm. She has stuffed some late lupin in the top of it.*]

AMY

Scrapping again, are you? What's the matter, this time? Has Joe got another attack of the foot-itch? [*She sets the basket down on the table, doffs hat and duster, and, as she does so, sees* JOE'S *papers.*] Oho! So that's it. [*Patiently* JOE *folds the papers up.*] See them, Tony? [*She exhibits the lupin and begins to stuff it into the vase with the artificial flowers.*] Ain't they sweet? They're so pretty they might be artificial.

FATHER MCKEE

We been talkin' 'bout reformin' the social system.

AMY

Well, you got a fine day for it. [*She hugs* TONY's *head and lets him pat her hand.*] Ain't the doctor come yet?

TONY

Doc don' come to-day.

AMY

Sure he does.

JOE

He comes on Thursday.

FATHER McKEE

To-day's Wednesday.

AMY

Well, I never! Here they are reforming the world and they don't even know what day of the week it is. Ain't men the limit?

TONY

Nobody is so smart like my Amy.

[*With a toss of her head she swirls off into the kitchen.*]

AMY

Don't let me stop you! Go right ahead. [*In the kitchen.*] Ah Gee . . . Oh, there you are. . . .

FATHER McKEE

Thursday! It's my day to talk to the boys down at the parish school.

JOE

Hand 'em what you just been handin' me, Padre.

FATHER McKEE

What I told you was confidential, Joe. I'm sorry you won't listen to it.

AMY

[*She returns, carrying a dish with apples and a knife.*] See them, Tony?

TONY

Apples!

AMY

Guess what for?

TONY

Apples pie?

AMY

[*She sits beside* TONY *and falls to on the apples.*] Well, the world may need reforming but I got no kick. The grapes is near ripe and ready for picking. The nights is getting longer, the mornings is getting colder and Tony's getting better. Down town they're putting up the posters for the circus and I hear the show's going into winter quarters just the other side of Napa. I guess that's all the remarks I got to make.

JOE

Here's the doc, now. . . .

[*A Ford motor.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*Off stage*]: Hello!

AMY

Yoo hoo!

[*The* DOCTOR *appears, shakes hands with* AMY, *nods to* JOE *and the* PADRE, *and comes in to* TONY.]

THE DOCTOR

Well, how do the crutches go?

AMY

Just fine.

TONY

You want see me walkin', Doc?

THE DOCTOR

Perhaps, I do. Let's see. . . . [*He feels the injured legs.*] Tibia . . . Fibula . . . Feels all right.

TONY

[*With a proud, anatomical gesture*]: Ischium?

THE DOCTOR

[*He rises and nods approvingly.*] All right, Tony, show us what you can do. No jumping, mind! Lend him a hand, Joe.

[*He stands aside to watch.* JOE *assists* TONY. *Grunting,* TONY *stands on his crutches and grins proudly.*]

TONY

Ees hurtin' here. [*Indicating arm pits.*] But ees goin' fine! [*A few tottering steps.*]

THE DOCTOR

Steady! Whoa! [*Laughter as* TONY *barely makes a chair.*] You ought to be put on exhibition. If anyone had told me that day when I had you on the table that I should see you on crutches in three months!

Well, all I can say is, it pays to know how to set a fracture.

AMY

I guess it makes you realize what a good doctor you are.

THE DOCTOR

He owes something to your nursing, ma'am.

FATHER McKEE

It's like the layin' on of hands, her nursin' is.

AMY

Funny you're saying that, Padre. I once had my fortune told down in Frisco. Out of a palmistry book one of my friends had. Everything in your hand means something, you know. See those bumps? Ain't they funny? Well, the book said that those bumps mean you're a good nurse and can take care of anybody no matter how sick he is. That's why I wouldn't let you send for no trained nurse, Doc. I was afraid she wouldn't have my bumps. . . . Gee, I got funny hands! . . .

THE DOCTOR

I'm not sure that medical science pays much attention to the nursing bump, ma'am, but you have certainly got it. I'll admit that.

TONY

My Amy is da best nurse I ever see.

AMY

Oh, Tony!

THE DOCTOR

I'm going to put your patient outside in the sun. Is there a good level place?

AMY

Under the arbour! . . . Oh, Tony!

TONY

After three month' in dees goddam house!

THE DOCTOR

Fix him up right with a big easy chair.

AMY

And plenty of pillows.

TONY

Amy, you ain' forgot how you promise' 'bout readin' da paper outside in da sun?

AMY

You bet I ain't forgot.

THE DOCTOR

Go on, now. I want to see you fixed.

TONY

[*Hobbles to the door and calls out*]: Giorgio . . . Angelo . . . Eccomi!

[GIORGIO *and* ANGELO *arrive in a whirlwind of Italian.* TONY *hobbles out of sight.* AMY *follows with two pillows, looking back at the* DOCTOR *and laughing.* FATHER MCKEE *carries the board and box. The* DOCTOR *goes to the door as though he intended following them. He stands looking out and speaks without turning.*]

THE DOCTOR

Joe . . .

JOE

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

I hear you're going away.

JOE

Yeah. I'm really goin' this time.

THE DOCTOR

Where to?

JOE

Search me. Frisco first.

THE DOCTOR

Hadn't you better take Amy with you?

[*He turns then and looks sternly into* JOE's *startled eyes.*]

JOE

What?

THE DOCTOR

You heard me.

JOE

I don't get you.

THE DOCTOR

Amy came to see me last week. I didn't tell her what the trouble was. I didn't have the heart. I put her off. . . . Oh, it's easy to fool a woman. But you can't fool a doctor, Joe. [*A step nearer* JOE *and eyes hard on his face.*] Tony isn't the father. . . . He couldn't be. [*A long pause.*]

JOE

[*Under his breath*]: Oh, Christ!

THE DOCTOR

I thought so. [*Another long pause.*] I've been trying to figure out how to make things easiest for Tony. It upset me a good deal. Doctors get shocked more often than you'd think. . . . And a girl like Amy, too. . . . I didn't know what to do. I guess it's up to you.

JOE

Poor old Tony!

THE DOCTOR

You might have thought of him sooner—and of Amy, too, for that matter.

JOE

It wasn't on purpose. It was only once! But—honest to God, we wouldn't either of us have put anything like that over on old Tony. Not for a million dollars!

THE DOCTOR

You couldn't have wasted much time about it.

JOE

It was the first night.

THE DOCTOR

Good Lord!

JOE

It just happened. There was reasons you don't know about. I'm a swell guy, ain't I? To do a thing like that to a fellow like Tony.

THE DOCTOR

Shall I tell Tony? Or Amy?

JOE

No. . . . Gimme time to think.

THE DOCTOR

There's no concealing this. Don't try anything of that sort. I won't have it.

JOE

No.

THE DOCTOR

This is going to come near killing him.

[JOE *nods fearsomely.* *The* DOCTOR *turns and is going when* AMY *appears, marshalling* ANGELO *and* GIORGIO.]

AMY

Just cut out the welcome to our city stuff and carry this chair down there under the arbour where the boss is. [*As they pick it up, she turns to the* DOCTOR.]

Say! You'd think to hear 'em that Tony'd just been raised from the dead. [*She turns back to the two Italians.*] Put it in the shade. . . . Mind that varnish, you club-footed wops. . . . There. . . . [*She has seen the chair safely along the porch. She returns and makes for the bedroom, saying, as she goes:*] He wants a cover and everything you can think of. . . .

THE DOCTOR

[*To* JOE]: Let me know if I can do anything.

[AMY *returns carrying a great, thick quilt. She cuts for the door, muttering happily to herself. On the porch she stops to call through the window to the stricken* JOE.]

AMY

Joe—just hand me them newspapers, will you?

JOE

[*Obeying*]: Here.

AMY

[*In the doorway, her arms filled with papers and comforter, she sees his face.*] Gee—you look something fierce.

JOE

[*In a strangled voice*]: Amy . . .

AMY

What is it?

JOE

I got to see you by an' by. . . . I got to see you alone. . . . [*She starts to speak. We see that he has frightened her.*] God damn . . . oh, God damn. . . .

AMY

What's the matter with you? What you scaring me this way for?

JOE

Amy. . . . Just a minute ago . . .

AMY

Make it snappy. . . . I don't like this being alone with you. . . . It makes me think . . . I want to forget all that.

JOE

Yeah . . . An' me . . . that's what I mean.

AMY

What?

JOE

[*After an awful pause*]: You're goin' to have a kid. [*She stares incredulously at him without making a sound.*] Yeah. . . . It's so, Amy. . . . I'm awful sorry. . . . The doc just told me. . . . He found out when you was sick last week. . . . He knows all about it. . . .

AMY

[*She stands a moment without moving at all. Suddenly she lets quilt and papers slip to the floor and her hands clasp themselves over her abdomen.*] Oh, my God! [*She picks the quilt and papers up very carefully and puts them on the table. She drops weakly into one of the chairs as though her knees had failed her, her face rigid with terror.*]

JOE

I know how it is. . . . Just keep your head, now. . . .

AMY

What am I going to do?

JOE

I got to think. . . .

AMY

If you go wrong, you're sure to get it sooner or later. I got it sooner.

JOE

That kind of talk won't help any.

AMY

I'm glad of it. It serves me right. . . .

JOE

There's ways, you know . . . there's doctor. . . .

AMY

[*Shakes her head vigorously*]: Them kind of doctors is no good.

JOE

But maybe . . .

AMY

They're no good. I'm too far gone anyway . . . I know . . . and anyway . . . doing that . . It's worse than the other.

JOE

I'm sorry, Amy. . . .

AMY

You being sorry ain't got nothing to do with it, either. I'm thinking of Tony.

JOE

So'm I.

AMY

Tony's a white guy if he *is* a wop.

JOE

Yeah. . . .

AMY

[*Desperately loud*]: What am I going to do? What am I going to do?

JOE

Hey! . . . Not so loud!

AMY

But I ain't got no money . . . only my earrings. . . .

JOE

I got money enough.

AMY

You?

JOE

Tony made me save it. It's in the bank. More'n two hundred bucks. That'll see you through.

AMY

Tony'll be crazy. . . . Tony'll be just crazy.

JOE

The doc said for me to take you away with me.

AMY

You?

JOE

Yeah. . . . An' believe me, Amy, I'll do anything . . .

AMY

Going away with you won't help things any.

JOE

I'll treat you right, Amy.

AMY

Poor Tony!

JOE

I'll do the right thing if it kills me.

AMY

I must have been crazy that night.

JOE

We both was . . . but there's no use sayin' that now.

AMY

No. . . . Tony'll be crazy. [*She lifts her head, recognizing the inevitable.*] I guess the doc's right. . . . I guess I'll have to go with you. . . . Somebody's got to help me out. . . . There ain't nobody but you.

JOE

That's all right. . . . I'm willing. . . .

AMY

And afterwards . . . Oh, my God! . . . And Tony'll be thinking that all the time . . . you and me . . . Oh! [*This is an exclamation of unutterable disgust.*] Poor Tony! You don't know how good he's been to me. And all the time he was so crazy for a kid. . . . Oh, I can't stick around here now! I got to go. I got to go quick.

JOE

I'm ready, if you are.

AMY

I'll just pack my grip.

JOE

Don't take it too hard, Amy. [*He tries to take her hand.*]

AMY

[*Shaking him off*]: None of that! I don't want no sympathy.

JOE

Excuse me.

AMY

You better get your own things.

JOE

All right. . . . I'll be back in a minute.

AMY

I'll get a move on, too.

[AH GEE *comes in with the dishes for dinner and begins to lay the table. Apparently* JOE *thinks of something more to say, but is deterred by* AH GEE'S *presence. He goes quickly.* AMY *hears* AH GEE *and watches him for a moment as though she were unable to understand what he is doing.*]

AH GEE

[*As he puts down dishes*]: Velly good dinner to-night, Missy. Beans an' roas' veal an' apple pie!

TONY

[*Calling from off stage*]: Eh, Joe! Eh, JOE! W'ere you go like dat? Amy! W'ere are you, Amy? [*He comes up on to the porch.*] Ah! Here you are!

AH GEE

Oh, Bossy! Velly good dinner to-night. Apple pie!

TONY

[*Pleased*]: Ah! Apples pie!

[AH GEE *goes into his kitchen.* TONY *leans against door.*]

Amy! W'y you no' come back?

AMY

[*Who has been clinging desperately to the back of a chair*]: I don't know!

TONY

You leave me alone so long.

AMY

I just come in for the papers and . . .

TONY

. . . An' Joe is runnin' crazy wild an' don' say nothing w'en I'm askin' him, "Joe, w'ere you goin' like dat?"

AMY

Joe's going away.

TONY

He's no' goin' without sayin' goo'-by?

AMY

I dunno. . . . Maybe he is. . . .

TONY

That boy mak' me verra unhappy. I been lovin' Joe like he was my own son an' he's goin' away like dat. He's no good.

AMY

People who ain't no good ain't worth worrying about. The thing to do is let 'em go and forget 'em.

TONY

Da's no' so easy like you think, Amy. I been lovin' Joe like my own son.

AMY

Joe ain't no worse than other people I could mention.

TONY

I love Joe but he don' love me.

AMY

I love you, Tony! I love you!

TONY

I know, Amy, I know.

AMY

And you ain't never going to believe that I do again.

TONY

W'at you takin' 'bout, Amy?

AMY

Something's happened, Tony!

TONY

Eh?

AMY

It's going to make you terrible mad.

TONY

Amy!

AMY

[*Nerving herself*]: It's going to make you just crazy, but I'm going to tell you just exactly what it is, 'Tony, because I ain't going to have you thinking afterwards that I wasn't grateful or that I ain't been happy here . . . happier than I ever been in my whole life. . . .

TONY

Amy!

AMY

Wait a minute. . . . I got to confess, Tony. I got to tell you the whole business so's you won't be thinking I been any worse than just what I have. . . .

TONY

Amy!

AMY

Yeah. . . . And I don't want you blaming Joe no more'n what you blame me and anyway you're a-bound to find out sooner or later, an' it'll hurt you a lot less in the long run if I tell you the truth right now, and I got to tell you the truth anyway. I simply got to. Wait a minute, Tony! I'm going to tell you the truth and after I go away and you don't see me no more you can say: "Well, she wasn't no good but it wasn't my fault." Because it wasn't your fault Tony.

Not one bit, it wasn't. You didn't have nothing to do with it. And I wouldn't be going away, neither, not for a million dollars I wouldn't, only for what's happened. . . .

TONY

Amy, w'at you talkin' 'bout goin' away?

AMY

That's what I'm trying to tell you, Tony, only you got to give me chance because it ain't easy to tell you no more'n it's easy to go away. And I got to go. But it ain't because I don't love you. I do. And it ain't because I don't appreciate all you done for me. I ain't never going to forget none of it, nor you, nor this place. . . .

TONY

Amy!

AMY

Listen to me, Tony! You're going to kick me out when you hear what I got to say, but I don't care if you do. I'm going to have a baby, Tony . . . and it's . . . God help me! . . . it's Joe's baby.

TONY

[*Raising his crutch with a great cry of anger*]: Ah!

AMY

Didn't I tell you you'd kick me out?

TONY

[*Faltering*]: Dio mio! Dio mio! No! Amy, you fool with me? Eh?

AMY

No, I'm not fooling. It's so. And that's why I'm going away, Tony.

TONY

[*Pursuing her as she retreats*]: You been Joe's woman!

AMY

I was crazy!

TONY

You been Joe's woman!

AMY

I was crazy.

TONY

You been lovin' Joe!

AMY

No . . . I ain't . . . I ain't . . . I never loved Joe. Honest, I never. I was crazy.

TONY

You been just like da Padre say you was. . . . You been a whore. . . .

AMY

I ain't! . . . I ain't! I been straight all my life! Only that one night. . . .

TONY

W'at night?

AMY

The first night I come here.

TONY

Da night you marry with me!

AMY

I ain't even spoke to Joe alone since that night.

TONY

You lyin'!

AMY

I swear to God I ain't! Not once! Not till to-day after the doc told him what was going to happen.

TONY

You lyin' to me! You been Joe's woman!

AMY

I ain't, Tony! That's what I'm trying to tell you. It's the truth I'm trying to tell you and now I'm going away.

TONY

You goin' away with Joe?

AMY

My God, what else can I do?

TONY

[*Furiously he forces her back into the corner where the shotgun is hanging, spluttering all the time with slobbering, half-intelligible rage.*] . I don' let you go! I don' let you go! By God, I'm goin' kill dat Joe! Questo bastardo, Joe! I'm goin' kill him an' keep you here for see me kill him! Goddam you! You goddam dirty . . . [*He has got the gun down, broken it, and is loading it.*]

AMY

[*Speaking at the same time*]: No, you won't Tony! Don't do anything like that, now, Tony! You'll be sorry if you do! You know what'll happen to you if you do that! You know what'll happen to you, Tony! That ain't no way to act! You'll see what you get! You'll see!

TONY

Goddam! . . . You wait, you dirty . . .

[*He flourishes the broken gun. She covers her eyes with her hands.* JOE *arrives, sees what* TONY *is doing, gives a cry, springs on him, wrenches the gun away. The struggle upsets* TONY'S *balance and he topples headlong off his crutches.* AMY *screams.*]

AMY

Oh, his leg!

[JOE *drops the gun and bends over him.*]

JOE

I tried to catch him. . . . [TONY'S *bellows are terrifying to hear.*] Did you hurt yourself, Tony? [TONY'S *answer is untranslatable into speech.*]

AMY

[*As she pulls a chair over*]: For God's sake, pick him up, can't you?

JOE

[TONY *fights him, trying to choke him, and sinks into the chair, howling with pain and fury.*]

All right now, Tony! Steady!

AMY

Tony. . . . Tony. . . . [*She kneels down by him.* TONY'S *roars subside into moans.*] I had to tell him! Oh, my God! I just had to tell him!

JOE

He didn't hurt himself much.

[TONY'S *moans break into sobs.*]

AMY

This is awful.

JOE

Get your things. Let's pull out of here. We can send the Padre up to look after him.

AMY

I'm only taking my little grip, Tony. I'm leaving the earrings on the dresser.

[*She goes quickly into the bedroom.* TONY'S *sobs keep up wretchedly and terribly.*]

JOE

Tony, I . . .

[*Again* TONY *springs madly at* JOE'S *throat.* JOE *wrenches away and runs quickly to the table where he gets a glass of wine which he brings back to*

TONY. TONY *pushes it away, spilling the wine over his shirt.* JOE *drops the glass.*]

TONY

Amy! Amy! Amy! Amy!

AMY

[*She comes back, with her hat on and her coat over her arm. She has her yellow grip half open with clothes sticking out.* JOE *takes it from her.*]
Here I am, Tony. Here I am.

TONY

W'ere you goin', Amy? W'ere you goin' away from here?

AMY

I dunno. . . . Frisco, I guess. . . .

TONY

[*Bitter sobs*]: You goin' be livin' with Joe?

AMY

[*Vague misery*]: I dunno. . . . No, I ain't going to live with Joe. . . . No matter what happens, I ain't.

TONY

Who is goin' be lookin' after you, Amy?

JOE

I am, Tony. I'll do the right thing if it kills me.

TONY

You? . . . You? . . . Oh, Dio mio! Dio mio! No! No!

JOE

Come on, Amy, for the love of Pete!

AMY

I'm coming.

TONY

[*A hand out to stop her*]: You ain' got no money, Amy.

AMY

It don't matter.

TONY

Yes!

JOE

I got plenty.

TONY

No! . . . No! . . . No! . . . Joe is no good for lookin' after womans an' baby!

AMY

Don't take on, Tony. . . . Please don't take on! Let me go, and forget all about me. There ain't no use in talking any more.

TONY

You goin' have baby!

AMY

God, I know I am!

TONY

How you goin' mak' money for keep him? Before you go, you tell me dat!

AMY

God knows. . . . I don't.

TONY

Pretty quick Joe is leavin' you desert, and den w'at is goin' happen?

JOE

I swear I'll stick, Tony!

TONY

No! *No!* NO!! Ees no good! My Amy havin' baby in da street! Ees no good.

AMY

Don't say that! For God's sake, Tony, don't say that . . .

TONY

W'at is goin' happen, Amy? W'at's goin' happen with you?

AMY

Joe . . . I can't stand no more of this.

TONY

[*Frenzied*]: No! *No!!* NO!!! NO!!!

AMY

Let go, Tony! Let go of my skirt!

TONY

You ain' goin', Amy! I don't let you go! You stayin' here with Tony!

AMY

Don't talk that way, Tony! It ain't no good.

TONY

No! No! You goin' listen to w'at Tony say now. You goin' listen, Amy. You don' love Joe. You love Tony. You been good wife, Amy. . . .

AMY

Good wife!

TONY

W'at is Tony goin' do without you?

JOE

Come on!

TONY

Amy, I get excite' just now, Amy. Excuse! Excuse! I think verra good once more. You ain' goin' with Joe. You stayin' here with Tony just like nothin' is happen', an' by an' by da little fella is come. . . .

AMY

Don't talk that way, Tony!

TONY

W'y not?

AMY

Because it ain't no way to talk!

TONY

Yes . . . yes . . . ees good sense! Ees w'at is evrabody wantin' here! You an' Joe an' me! . . . Looka Joe. Joe is wantin' go with

Wobblies, eh? With goddam Wobblies. All right . . . Looka Amy . . . Amy is wantin' stay here nice an' safe in dees fine house with Tony. Is not true, eh? [Amy *nods through her tears.*] Sure is true. Look Tony, Dio mio, an' ask him w'at he want? Don' he want baby?

Amy

But not this baby, Tony?

Tony

W'at I care?

Amy

But, think of what people would say!

Tony

W'at I care w'at evrabody say? We tellin' evrabody he's Tony's baby. Den evrabody say Tony is so goddam young an' strong he's break both his leg' an' havin' baby just da same! . . . Ees good, eh? You don't go with Joe now, Amy? . . . Oh, Amy! . . .

Amy

[*He has swayed her, but she looks at him as at a madman.*] No. . . . It wouldn't work, Tony. . . . You wouldn't mean it afterward. . . . You're crazy. . . .

TONY

[*A last frantic appeal*]: No! No! No! [*Leaning back in his chair and looking around the room*] W'at's good for me havin' dees fine house? W'at's good for me havin' all dis money w'at I got? I got nobody for give my house an' my money w'en I die. Ees for dat I want dis baby, Amy. Joe don' want him. Ees Tony want him. Amy, . . . Amy, . . . for God's sake don' go away an' leave Tony!

AMY

But, Tony! Think of what I done?

TONY

What you done was mistake in da head, not in da heart. . . . Mistake in da head is no matter.

AMY

You—you ain't kiddin' me, are you? . . . You're serious, ain't you—Tony? You'll stick to this afterwards, won't you, Tony? [*She walks slowly over to him. She throws her arms around his neck and presses his head against her breast. A prolonged pause.*]

Well, Joe, I guess you better be going.

JOE

You mean?

AMY

I guess you'd better be going.
[JOE *straightens in great relief.*]

JOE

All right. [*He picks up his knapsack which he dropped when he came in.*] I guess you're right. [*He pulls on his cap and stands a moment in the doorway, a broad grin spreading over his face.*] I guess there ain't none of us got any kick comin', at that. No real kick.
[*He goes out slowly.*]

AMY

[*Lifting her face*]: No.
[TONY *clutches her even closer as the curtain falls.*]

THE END

# MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

**Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.**

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

**Price, 75 Cents.**

# THE FOUR-FLUSHER

**Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.**

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

**Price, 75 Cents.**

# PALS FIRST

**Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.**

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

---

**SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City**
**New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request**

2396 1